THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

Three little girls, rosy, bright little girls,
Out in the garden beneath the warm light
That a red summer sunset has thrown on the sky,
To check for a moment the coming of night.
Bright Theo, whose laugh ripples out on the air,—
May, with her head running over with curls,—
And Dora, a baby-pet, violet-eyed;
My three little girls, little motherless girls!

While I lie in the gloom of my still, darkened room;
And feel every day I am passing away:
No music's so sweet as the sound of their feet,
And their noise and their glee as I hear them at play:
But a thought of unrest stirs at times in my breast;
And a care round my heart like a shadow is thrown:
I have nought but my blessing to give to my babes;
And I fear for their sakes when I leave them alone.

They are girls, they are clinging and sensitive things;
And the world it is hard, and the world it is cold:
Their shoulders are slight to bear burdens of care;
Their fingers are slim to win honors or gold:
I fear me the way will be rough for their feet;
With no father to shield them, no mother to guide:
No love that would light up their lives with a glow
Of warmth and of joy had they nothing beside.

Their home has been soft as the nest which a dove
Might weave for her little ones safe from the wind;
No roses but thornless ones clustered within,
No ray but was sunny an entrance could find:
And here they have opened like beautiful flowers,
That in soft summer weather, in sunshine were born;
Oh! grant that the storm may be turned from their path,
That the wind may be kept from the lambs that are shorn!

Bring them in! Let me take them once more in my arms!
Ah! the dainty white bonnets, the dresses of blue,
The wee rosy mouths running over with smiles,
They are just like three lilies made fresh by the dew!
Our Heavenly Father, I bow to Thy will,
I will leave in Thy keeping my treasures, my pearls;
Then who knowest the love of a father's fond heart,
Oh! shield and protect them, my three little girls!

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

AGNES AND SISTER MEG.

Doubtless it was with the elastic vigor that characterises the acts of most of us when we have done a good stroke of business in whatever walk of life, that Mrs. Newman reverted to her epistolary labors, after having secured for herself a gratuitous luncheon. Yet none of her compositions seemed to give her satisfaction. But for her forethought in using scraps of paper for her rough draughts, she might have wasted two-penny worth of Bath note.

"I will go and see the girl myself," murmured she, impatiently; "that will be better than writing."

She would have started on the instant, for Mrs. Newman was not a person to let the grass grow under her feet when once a resolution was formed; but she could not bring herself to sacrifice, or, at all events, expose to possible miscarriage and loss, that excellent slice of mutton. And here she made a mistake. It is providentially arranged that very prudent and saving persons shall invariably, at one time or another, miss their mackerel, through an unwillingness to expose their sprat to possible loss; in their exclusive care of the pence the pounds occasionally take to themselves wings; their pin a day secures to them their groat a year, but in picking it up they sometimes neglect more important sources of income. Thus, in waiting for her gratuitous lunch, Mrs. Newman missed her opportunity of putting a stop to that conversation between her brother and Agnes Crawford, which we have had the privilege of overhearing. If she had started on her mission without waiting for that slice of mutton, she might (to use a culinary metaphor while speaking of a kindred subject) have cooked somebody's goose pretty completely. Imagine the effect of her appearance upon that sunny lawn; its abrupt interruption of the *tete-a-tete;* how she would have frightened the horse, and worried the man, that (would have liked to have) kissed the maiden all forlorn, that lived in the house called Greycrags!

As it was, Mrs. Newman did not start for that retired mansion until 2.30 P. M. She arrived in her basket pony-carriage, driven by the small foot-page: like a baleful fairy, who, though drawn by fiery dragons, guided by a duodecimo fiend, reaches the house of the young princess the day *after* her coming-of-age, when it is vain to wish her wall-eyed or web-footed. But, out of elfland, it is never too late to do mischief.

Agnes had a foreboding that evil was impending when Cubra hissed through the key-hole, "Miss Newman come, and wish to see you very particklar;" nor did her instinct deceive her.

Nothing could be sweeter than the smile with which her guest arose as she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her as a mother might greet a daughter. It was the first time that Mrs. Newman had visited Greycrags since the Crawfords had resided there, and she had a great deal to say about the improvements that had been effected in the meantime. At last she said,

"What a charming lawn you have, my dear Miss Crawford; but what a pity it is that you allow horses upon it, for surely I see hoof-marks?"

["Ah," thought the speaker, "it's all true. The hussy blushes. It's quite as well I acted upon dear Jed's suggestions."]

"Yes, those are Red Berlid's hoof-marks; the horse your brother rode when he saved my cousin and me upon the sands. I wished to take his portrait."

"My brother's portrait?"

"No, madam; Red Berlid's." They were looking steadily in one another's faces. Agnes had quite recovered herself. Mrs. Newman felt that no easy task was awaiting her.

"It is all the same," said she, "whether it was the horse or the rider. I am an old woman that is, comparatively speaking—and you, Miss Crawford, are a very young one. I am quite sure that you are unaware of the consequences—I mean of the construction which must needs be put, nay, which of late *has* been put upon my brother's visits to this house. In your exceeding innocence—" here Mrs. Newman placed a hand with a darned glove on it upon her young friend's shoulder, and her voice became even tenderer and more winning—"and in your happy ignorance of the ways of the world, you have unwittingly given this wicked creature—"

"The horse, madam?"

"Miss Crawford, I am astonished at you. This levity is most unlooked for, most unbecoming. I say that you have unwittingly—as I *hope*, unwillingly—given this wicked and abandoned man encouragement. I am obliged to speak plainly."

"So it seems, Mrs. Newman, since you call your own brother by such names." She drew herself slowly away, so that her guest's hand, reluctantly slipping, hung by the darned finger tips for a second, and then fell.

"And is it not the truth, Miss Crawford? Can you pretend to be ignorant that John Carlyon is an infidel? And is not that to be wicked and abandoned?"

"We are all wicked, madam; but we cannot tell whom God has abandoned."

"And I thought this was a Christian woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman, holding up her hands. "How we are deceived in this world."

"Yes, madam," returned Agnes, coldly, "it is only in the next world that a true judgment will be arrived at, and even then we shall not be the judges."

If Mr. Richard Crawford had been occupying his usual post (which he was not) half way up the hill, or even higher, he could not have failed to hear Mrs. Newman sniff; it was like a hippopotamus who has just emerged from under water.

"Perhaps you think the infidel is only to be *pitied*, young lady," observed she, with what, had she been an irreligious person, would certainly have been termed a sneer. "Now pity, we all know, is akin to love."

"Mrs. Newman!"

"Yes; I can read it in your face. You love this man. You would marry him if he asked you to do so."

"That is false, madam, and I think you know it."

Notwithstanding this unpleasant imputation, Mrs. Newman was pleased. The girl was on her part evidently speaking truth. No irretrievable mischief had as yet been done. If he had proposed, she had not accepted him, although perhaps she might not have rejected him.

"I would never marry any man," she went on, "with the opinions you have, however uncharitably, described."

"But you are not without hope that his opinions may change," observed Mrs. Newman, quickly. "You believe in this man's possible conversion. Perhaps you believe that you yourself may be the happy instrument. You do; I see you do."

"If you have no other purpose in coming here than to insult me thus, Mrs. Newman," returned Agnes, trembling, "I will retire." Her courage, so high when it was *he* who was attacked, sank before these relentless blows aimed at herself alone.

"Not before I have told you the whole truth," exclaimed the other, stepping swiftly towards her, and grasping her by the wrist. "Your conscience whispers that you are looking beyond the convert for the lover. If you have hitherto deceived yourself, you can do so no longer now, for I have undeceived you."

"And you do not wish your brother to be converted?"

"By you, no," answered Mrs. Newman, fiercely; "that is," added she, recollecting herself, "because such a thing is out of your power; you do not know how strong he is—this man. It is you who would be perverted by him. Two precious souls lost in the endeavor to save one."

"He did not think of his own life when he spurred across the whirling river to rescue mine," murmured Agnes, as though to herself.

"A reckless man will do anything for a pretty face, girl."

"You hurt my wrist, madam; please to let me go. A reckless man! A brave and noble man, I say, and one to be of the same blood with whom should make you proud."

"Those are strong words, young lady, and scarcely modest ones. If I must needs be proud of being this man's sister, how fine a thing it would be to be his wife. And it *would* be a fine thing to some people."

Up till now, Mrs. Newman had preserved the habitual smile and gentle tones that had stood her in such good stead through years of vulgar and penurious greed, but at these words her look and manner became those of a shrew.

"For a girl, for instance," she went on, "without money, without family—springing, in fact, from no one knows whom or whence, it doubtless would be a great matter to secure John Carlyon for a husband; that is to say, if she had no religious principles whatever, and was only bent upon attaining a position for herself in this world. But for you, Miss Crawford, no matter what the advantage you might gain by such a marriage, I will take leave to tell you—"

"Nothing more, madam," interposed Agnes, with dignity, at the same time ringing the bell sharply for her visitor's carriage. "I will not listen to another word. You have said enough already, far more than any gentlewoman ought to say. Any honor to be gained by alliance with one of your family would indeed be dearly purchased if it entailed intimacy with such as you."

Mrs. Newman curtsied deeply with her customary grace.

"Thank you, Miss Crawford," said she. "I have also to be grateful to you—" here the servant entered and received his orders, retiring, doubtless, with the impression that the two ladies were most uncommonly polite to one another—"for having exhibited to me under the disguise of a Christian young person, an unprincipled girl, and a designing fortune-hunter."

"She can never see him again after *that*," murmured Mrs. Newman, as, leaning back in her pony carriage, she thought over that heavy chainshot delivered at parting. "It was absolutely necessary that I should not mince matters; and what a comfort it is to think that I have acted for the girl's own good!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was on the morning after the interview between Mrs. Newman and Agnes that Mr. Carstairs, calling, as he often did, at Woodlees, was for the first time, so fortunate as to find its proprietor at home.

"Mr. John is in to-day, sir," said old Robin, whose eye-twinkling upon this subject had become chronic; "he really is, for once."

"Oh," ejaculated the doctor, by no means with satisfaction, but rather like one who, having received certain information that his dentist is out of town, has gone to consult him respecting a troublesome tooth, and finds him *in*. "Not gone to Greycrags this morning, then, eh, Robin?"

"No, sir; but he's got a letter from the young lady. Leastways, one was brought to him five minutes ago; and if you had seen his face when he took it into his hand—oh, yes, we was right about that, bless you. 'There was no answer,' said the man as brought it over. Why, of course not; what's the need of answering by letter when my gentleman rides over every mortal day? Perhaps he's put off a bit, that's all."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carstairs, musing.

"I tell you what, sir," went on the garrulous old man, "it will be a sore day for Miss Meg as was when the young squire marries. She counted upon Woodlees for Master Jedediah, bless you. But it's better as it is, to my thinking; for Miss Agnes, she'll win Mr. John to what's right, to the path as my old master walked in all the days of his life—a good man, Mr. Carstairs, if ever there was one—and that is all as is really wanting. If he had but piety and propriety, as our gardener says, (and a remarkable long head has gardener,) he would be perfect; and though I think it my duty not to let him know it, this I will say—never had servants a better master, or a kinder, than Mr. John. Whereas, you know, Miss Meg as was, she was always near—very pious and very proper, but most audacious near. Why, I remember, as if it was yesterday, when our Susan (she as was married to him as kept the Disney Arms, and a sad drunkard *he* was, but they're both gone now,) went out to wash some chitterlings in the mill-race yonder and fell in. That was just after missis died, and Miss Meg she managed the house, and pretty nigh starved us for a matter of six months; we had to eat the innerds of everything, such as we had been used to throw away before her time, and she set us an example by having chitterlings for breakfast; nasty stinking things as ever you smelt. Well, Susan fell in, and the news came to the kitchen just as I was bringing in the urn, and I told Miss Meg at the breakfast table. 'Ma'am,' says I, 'while cleaning them innerds Susan Grives have tumbled into the mill-race.' '*Where are the innerds!*' cried Miss Meg. I never shall forget it, never. Without even asking whether the girl were drowned or not, '*Where* are the innerds?' Oh, yes, I do hope that Miss Meg as was, will not be mistress here in my time."

"Well, that's not very likely, Robin, is it?" inquired the doctor, looking earnestly in the old man's face. "You surely do not expect at your age to outlive your master."

"At my age," grumbled Robin; "well, I'm sure, one would think I was Methuselah. And as to that, the young are taken, and the old ones left, oftentimes."

"Very true, Robin," answered Mr. Carstairs, nodding. "And now let me see Mr. John. I know my way, and needn't trouble you to come up-stairs."

"Ah, but he ain't in the turret room," ejaculated the other, still in rather a dissatisfied tone, for Robin was tender as a belle of eight-and-twenty upon the point of age, "he's in the master's room. He happened to be in the hall when the letter came, and just as though he couldn't wait for a minute, he shut hisself in there to read it, and ain't been out since; I daresay he's a getting it by heart," chuckled the old man. "You must knock louder than that, bless ye—"

But Mr. Carstairs, getting no reply to his summons, and finding the door made fast, stooped down and looked through the keyhole.

"Fetch some cold water," cried he; "quick, quick!" and while uttering the words, the agile little man flew out at the garden door, and in at the window of the cedar chamber (standing open as usual to get what sunshine it could,) like a bird. There was indeed, not a moment to spare. John Carlyon lay upon the floor, still breathing stertorously, but with a face like that of a strangled man. His head had fortunately been caught by the sofa cushion, and remained higher than the rest of his body. His hand still clutched an open letter, the receipt of which had doubtless caused the calamity by some emotional shock, and a small book—it looked like a Testament—lay on the floor by his side. The doctor's quick eye took in all these things at a single glance, and sooner than the action could be described in words, he had freed Carlyon's throat from neckcloth and collar, and bared his arm. Then, throwing open the door to get a free current of air, as well as to admit Robin, he began to use the lancet. Would the blood never flow? Was he dead—this strong man, in the full vigor of his prime? No; very slowly, drop by drop, but presently in a crimson tide, came the life stream; while old Robin stood by, dazed with terror, and sprinkling the cold water as often on the floor as upon his young master's forehead.

"Is it a fit, doctor?" inquired he, in a hoarse whisper.

"No, the heat of the weather, that's all," responded Mr. Carstairs, hastily. "See, he is getting better now."

There was a deep drawn respiration, and the large eyes drowsily opened and closed.

"You had better go away, Robin; he is coming to himself, and perhaps would not like to know that you had seen him in this state. Say nothing to anyone of what has happened. Hush! go, go."

"Ay, ay, sir, I understand," answered the old man, moving reluctantly away. "It is not for me to tittle-tattle about my master's affairs." Then, as the door was pushed hastily behind him, he added, "But I knows a fit from a faint, I reckon. God forbid that Miss Meg as was *should* be mistress here in *my* time, as I was just saying; yet many's the true word spoken in jest. And he did look mortal bad, surely."

"What is the matter?" asked Carlyon, sitting up, and passing his hand wearily across his forehead. "Have I been ill, doctor?"

"Yes, my friend, very ill; but you are getting over it now. Let me help you on to the sofa; there."

"The letter! Where is it?" inquired Carlyon, feebly.

"It is here," said the other, returning it to him, folded up.

"You have read it, doctor?"

"Yes; I could not help reading it—that is, seeing that one word."

"Ay."

The voice that was wont to be so strong and cheery sounded faint and hollow like the last boom of a funeral bell.

"Only one word, doctor, yet with a world of meaning in it. That 'No,' means for me No happiness, No hope. I wish you had not come and saved my life. What years of wretchedness may be before me ere I gain the shelter of the grave!"

"No, Carlyon," returned the doctor, gravely, "you have at least not that to fear. You will never be a long-lived man."

"How so?" inquired the other, incredulously. "I should be glad to be able to believe you; for somehow," glancing up at the strange weapons upon the wall, "I could never bring myself to hasten matters—to desert my post here, albeit I have nothing to guard, nothing to protect—"

Carlyon did not finish the sentence, but turned round with his face to the wall.

"That letter was from Miss Crawford, was it not?" said the doctor, very tenderly; "and its meaning is that she has refused you. I am deeply sorry, old friend, that you have been caused this pain, and I reproach myself because it was in my power to avert it."

"In yours?"

"Yes." If I had done my duty, I should have told you something weeks ago which would have spared you much of this. Can you bear to hear it now?"

"I can bear anything," murmured Carlyon, wearily, "the worst that can befall has happened to me already. She is not like other girls; when she says No, she means it."

The despairing words had no such hopeless ring but that the other knew an answer was expected with some comfort in it. Yet none was given.

"Carlyon," said he, after a long silence, "if Agnes Crawford had written 'Yes,' instead of 'No,' still, knowing what I know, learning what it would have been my duty to tell her, she would not have married you. And you, if you had known, you would not have asked her to become your wife."

"Would I not?" murmured Carlyon, bitterly. "Your secret must indeed then be a terrible one. Perhaps I have madness in my blood. I sometimes think I have."

"No. It is not terrible—at least, it need not be so—but only sad. Had it been what you hint at, I should have known it years ago, but this I only learnt a few weeks back—on the day when you saved Miss Crawford's life upon the sands."

"I wish I had been drowned in saving it."

"You were very nearly drowned, Carlyon. It was only your fainting under water that saved you. Your case, I saw at once, was different from the other two; and when you lay insensible at my house, I found out this—you have heart disease, John Carlyon. You nearly died to-day; you may die to-morrow if anything should cause you the least excitement. Your life is not worth six months' purchase. I do not think it possible that you will live beyond a year." There was a solemn pause, during which the lightest sound was heard; a butterfly brushed against the open window; a bee buried in some fragrant flower beneath it still, emitted a muffled hum; far off, on the other side of the high garden-wall, the mill-race roared; the rooks cawed sleepily from the elm tops in the park.

"You remember, upon the day I mention," continued the doctor, "that I began to speak upon religious matters. Doubtless it seemed impertinent to you that I did so; but you know the reason now. I thought—do not let us argue any more, my friend—I thought it my duty to do so, and I think so now. Science had passed your sentence of death, and it was surely meet that Religion should comfort you. I saw that I was unfit for such a task, and yet I wished to be of some service to the son of your father. There, I will not speak of him again, since it pains you. But I have known you from a child, my friend, and I knew your dear mother, who gazes upon you from yonder picture, with the same love and with the same fear, (I did not understand it then, but I do now,) with which I have seen her gaze upon her darling boy a hundred times."

"You understand it now?" said Carlyon, bitterly; "oh, no."

"I think I do," returned Mr. Carstairs, quietly.

Still keeping his face averted, Carlyon held out his hand, which the other took tenderly within his own.

"And why did you not tell me this—I mean about my heart—before, doctor?"

"Partly, lest the shock might hurt you at that time, which, from something that you yourself let fall, I thought it would; partly because I was a coward, and loth to be the bearer of such news; but principally, because I thought I saw in Miss Agnes one who would show you the road to heaven far better than I. I know, of course, after what had happened, that you two must needs become intimate, but I did not look forward to your—to this sad end of it all. Even that, however, lies in some measure at my door. I did all for the best, and nothing has turned out as I would have had it."

"Don't fret, my friend; don't reproach yourself, you good soul," said Carlyon, turning round and smiling upon the doctor, who stood dejected by his side. "It was not certainly your fault that I shut my eyes to the gulf that lay between me and Agnes. I am punished for my folly, that is all."

"It was I, however," pursued the doctor, mournfully, "who gave you at least one opportunity which has doubtless worked with others to this sad end. I knew that that hare-brained

cousin of hers would be jealous of you. He suspects everybody. I believe he is jealous of *me*, the self-willed idiot!—and so, when we were at Greycraga that night, I kept him to myself, solely that Miss Agnes might have some serious talk with you. I was an ass not to foresee what sort of talk it would be. I would have told her the whole truth, but that that would have been the betrayal of a professional secret. Now, if I had been a parson I should have done so for the good of your soul."

"Lost! lost! for ever lost!" murmured Carlyon.

"No, no, my friend, not lost," returned the doctor, kindly. "It is never too late to—entertain more correct views upon religious matters."

"What are you talking about, man?" exclaimed Carlyon, fiercely. "I was not thinking of my 'miserable soul,' as you call it."

"I am sorry to hear it," returned the doctor, simply.

"And I am not going to join your fire insurance society," added the other, scornfully. "The premium would, under the circumstances, be probably enormous."

"I have said what I thought it was my duty as a Christian man to say," said Mr. Carstairs, reddening, "and now I am here in my professional capacity only. Can I do anything more for you, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Yes. That instrument which I see peeping out of your pocket is the stethescope, is it not? Please to use it once more."

"I have told you what its answer will be," said the doctor, hesitating.

"Nevertheless," replied the other, smiling, "I wish to make 'sicker,' as Kirkpatrick said when he drove his dirk into the Red Comyn."

He opened his waistcoat himself, and watched Mr. Carstairs steadily as he applied the instrument.

"When I was on the grand jury at Lancaster last year, doctor, I saw a sad scene. A mother waiting for the verdict upon her son, who was being tried for murder, and had been caught red-handed in the very act. I am glad to think that when you pronounce *my* doom there will be none to lament for *me*, not one. Come, doctor, what is it? I know you are a wise man, who looks upon the bright side of things, and yet has the knack of telling the truth. You are putting your black cap on, I see. The sentence is Death, is it?"

The kind-hearted doctor nodded. Perhaps he did not like to trust himself to speak.

"Good. And the stethescope never deceives?"

"Never," returned Mr. Carstairs, firmly, and with some approach to indignation. "I will stake my professional reputation upon what I have stated with respect to your case."

Carlyon smiled in his old, pleasant fashion.

"I would not damage your credit, doctor, by overliving my year, for all the world. And I may die in the meantime, of course?"

"At any moment. To-day—to-morrow. It is certainly your duty to lose no time in setting your affairs in order. I think you should see your sister, Mr. Carlyon. I met her only yesterday afternoon, and she spoke most kindly of you."

"Most kindly of *me*? Then she must certainly have been speaking very ill of me to somebody else. I have always observed that in Meg. After administering a great deal of scourge she sometimes applies a little balsam."

"You are uncharitable, Carlyon. She not only spoke quite enthusiastically of your heroism upon the sands the other day, but also very patronisingly (you know her way) about Miss Agnes, whom she had just been to see at Greymags. Why, what's the matter? Excitement of this sort is the very worst thing—"

"Did my sister go to Greycraga?" exclaimed Carlyon, starting to his feet. "Did that lying woman speak to Agnes? It is she then whom I have to thank for this—this letter. I see it all now. She did not wish me to marry, lest Woodlees should not revert to her Jedediah; and to stop it, she maligns me to Agnes. The hypocrite, the backbiter!"

"You are killing yourself, Mr. Carlyon."

"You are right; I will be very careful," returned the other, bitterly, and pacing the room with hasty strides. "I should be sorry to die within the next few days. Perhaps you will call to-morrow, and see how I am."

Carlyon took the little man by the arm and gently, but firmly, urged him towards the door.

"It is no use my coming to see you, sir," expostulated the doctor; "I can do nothing for you."

"Very well, then, don't come," returned the other, quietly. "I shall remember you all the same, as if you did."

"Sir!" ejaculated Mr. Carstairs.

"Forgive me, old friend; I am not myself. I do not know what I am saying. I thank you for all your kindness, and especially for your telling me the truth."

Doctor and patient shook hands warmly enough. Although widely different, each respected the other after his fashion.

"For God's sake keep yourself quiet," was the kindly and characteristic remark of the former, as he rode away.

Carlyon nodded, then turned to Robin.

"Tell James to saddle Red Berild directly, and then come to me."

"Red Berild, Mr. John?" returned the old man, scarcely believing his ears, for it was rarely that any one ever crossed that horse except his master.

"Did not I say so?" observed Carlyon, coolly, and, returning to the parlor, sat himself down to write. The note was finished before the groom came, and he began to fret and fume.

"You have been a long time coming, sir," said he, with unwonted sternness; "and Red Berild must make up for your delay. Do not spare the spur. I want this letter taken to Burnthrop, to Mr. Scrivens."

"The lawyer, sir?"

"Yes, the lawyer; who else? There is no answer; but he or his partner is to come at once. If the means of conveyance are wanted, lend him your horse, and you will walk."

"It is twenty miles," murmured the groom, thinking of the distance to be traversed by Shanks, his (unaccustomed) mare.

"I shall expect him here in four hours," observed Carlyon, referring to his watch instead of to this remonstrance.

When sentence of death is pronounced by one's doctor, we think—that is, just at first—that it is going to be executed forthwith; and we are in a particular hurry to make our wills.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A New Haven clergyman has given up preaching and learned the carpenter's trade; at the latter he can make a living, at the former he could not. Some others might profitably follow his example.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 21, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

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CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORN ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

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COL. FORNEY'S LETTERS.

We are pleased to see that the interesting letters written from Europe by Col. Forney to the *Daily Press*, of this city, are to be republished in book form. The volume will contain a portrait of Col. Forney, engraved on steel, and will be issued in excellent style by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. We may add that the letters will be carefully revised, and will also have various additions made to them.

HYACINTHS AND TULIPS.

Now is the time to plant these favorite spring flowers. Mr. Vick, the Rochester florist, offers a splendid assortment. He says:—"My importations from Holland this year I think have never been equalled for richness, variety, and extent. The bulbs sold by me last season gave, in almost every case, the most perfect satisfaction, as I learn from several thousands of letters received this Spring. The exhibition on my own grounds was most magnificent, and was visited by tens of thousands. Nothing in the floral world can equal the dazzling brilliancy and gorgeousness of a bed of good tulips. Those who are acquainted only with the common, poor tulips seen in the country, know nothing of the character of a good tulip, or the magnificence of a mass of these superb flowers. Any good garden soil will answer for the tulip.

"I shall be prepared to commence sending out bulbs by the 25th of September, and will continue to fill all orders received up to the 1st of December."

MAIZENA AND SATIN GLOSS STARCH.

We have tried in our family these articles, manufactured by Mr. *William Duryea*, and can recommend them to our readers as being of excellent quality.

The Satin Gloss Starch is reported to us as justifying in its use the claims made for it of purity, exceeding whiteness, and apparent freedom from deleterious ingredients.

The Maizena also is regarded as being a first-rate article—prepared with care and fidelity.

We are not surprised to learn therefore, that both of these articles have recently obtained at the Paris Exposition the highest premium which is awarded to productions of the kind.

Any one wishing to obtain these articles, should address Mr. William Duryea, of the Glen Cove Maizena and Satin Gloss Starch Works, 166 Fulton street, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN THE INSPIRATION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. By T. F. CURTIS, D. D., late Professor of Theology in the University at Lewisburg, Penn. The author says in his preface—"For many years I conscientiously and earnestly struggled to maintain the current theories of the infallibility of Scripture Inspiration until all possibility of doing so reasonably and honestly was gone. Only very slowly, unwillingly, and against every earthly prepossession and interest, have I felt obliged to relinquish long cherished and early opinions in respect to this point. And I wish here only to express my conviction and testimony as to the little alteration it necessarily involves in the experimental parts of Christian Theology, while yet giving them a progressive tendency and movement which is, in fact, a new life and vividness, of value incalculable to those who like myself have been ever prone to settle down into an excessive conservatism, except as shaken from its sloth by Divine Providence and grace. It need and ought not to involve controversy among Christians. And humbly do I pray that the change which I see inevitable on this subject may take place quietly in the Evangelical Churches of our land, without strife and bitterness, but marked with an increase of gentleness, charity, earnestness and zeal." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Social Statics," &c. Vol. 2. Interesting and cogent, as everything that Mr. Spencer writes is. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

WIT AND WISDOM OF DON QUIXOTE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

HOME LIFE; A JOURNAL. By ELIZABETH M. SEWELL, author of "Amy Herbert," &c. This is a story which has been written with the wish to illustrate not only a few fundamental principles of Education, but also the difficulties and disappointments attendant upon the endeavor to carry them out under ordinary circumstances, and among ordinary people. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN; Designed to Represent the Existing State of Physiological Science, as applied to the Functions of the Human Body. By AUSTIN FLINT, JR., M. D., Professor of Microscopy and Physiology in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE CONFESSIONS OF GERALD ESTCOURT. By FLORENCE MARRYATT. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada. Price 75 cents.

BAFFLED SCHEMES. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada. Price 75 cents.

MUSIC.—"Shelling Green Peas." A Humorous Song. By GEO. THOMAS. Published by Louis Meyer, 1220 Chestnut street, Philada.

Coarse Bread.

It is well known among physiologists that the teeth and bones are durable and strong in proportion as they contain one of the chemical constituents of lime, and that the food which contains these constituents in large quantities is best adapted to the formation of good teeth and strong limbs. In the item of bread, used in every family, a striking fact is exhibited: in 500 pounds of the finest flour for table use there are thirty pounds of these bone-forming elements; in an equal amount of bread made of the whole wheat, there are eighty-five pounds of the bone and tooth-forming principles, hence it is not to be wondered at, that the Scotch are the thriftiest and hardiest race in the world, for they luxuriate on their dearly beloved oat-meal gruel, bread and cakes three times a day. The whole grain of Indian corn or wheat prepared as recommended does not fatten as much as fine flour, the latter having twice the amount of fat-forming principle; but fat is not strength; it does not give endurance, toughness, hardness, capability of work; the whole grain of the Indian, wheat, rye, oats, does, and from five to fifteen, children should be compelled to make one daily meal, wholly, of one of these grains, prepared as above.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Disadvantage of Being an American

Americans are acquiring in foreign countries a reputation for lavish expenditure which sometimes operates to our disadvantage. A correspondent in Naples writes as follows: "It is very unfortunate to speak the English language. Answering a question of an American yesterday at dinner cost me a franc, which was moderate. I had ordered my dinner in French, and as the waiter was not very well versed in that language, he took me for a Frenchman; but the English language was the signal for an advance in my bill. A few days ago I went into a cameo shop and asked in French the price of a miniature, and was told thirty francs. I went ten paces further, and asked in English the price of the same thing, and was told sixty francs. My gentle reader—all readers are gentle—if you ever expect to visit this continent, begin to study French and German now; when the shores of America fade in the distance, speak your last word of English till your return."

A SINGULAR TRACT.—Montana advices state that an exploring party, which has been to the head waters of the Yellow Stone river, has just returned, and *reports* seeing one of the greatest wonders of the world. For eight days they travelled through a volcanic country, emitting a blue flame and living streams of brimstone. The country was smooth and rolling, with long level plains intervening. The summits of these rolling mounds were craters, from four to eight feet in diameter, and everywhere in the levels were smaller craters, from four to six inches in diameter, from which streamed a blaze and constant whistling sounds.

The hollow ground resounded beneath their feet as they travelled, and every moment seemed to break through. Not a living thing was seen in the vicinity, and the explorers gave it the significant name of "Hell."

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.—There appears to be a general belief that the President will issue instructions to the district commanders to open up registration in the Southern states. I have good authority for saying that Mr. Johnson will do no such thing.

As stated before in these despatches, the President will advise district commanders to fix a uniform day for elections in all the districts. Under the Reconstruction law registration is to be opened fourteen days before the election. This will give an opportunity for those who claim the right to register and vote by reason of the pardon proclamation to assert their right, and the President does not regard it necessary that he shall do anything further in the matter than what is herein indicated.—*Washington Correspondent of Philadelphia Ledger.*

In a parish church on the west coast of Scotland there is to be seen a swallow's nest attached to the cornice of the upper woodwork of the pulpit. The birds having discovered that there was ready ingress and egress by a small moveable pane in one of the windows left open during the summer for ventilation, took advantage of the circumstance. On a recent Sunday the minister admirably improved the occasion; for, with special reference to the circumstances, the swallows flying in and out with a homely twitter that made every allusion to them tell with particular force, he preached an eloquent sermon, taking as his text our Saviour's beautiful words, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God."

☞ A cotemporary says there is one thing which will never get hurt by falling—it always falls so slow. He means flour.

☞ Instead of Prideaux's Connexion, the Highland cotters of the present day prefer Spurgeon's Sermons, which are now to be found, translated into Gaelic, in the remotest glens of the Highlands.

☞ The Parisian caricaturist, Cham, has a sketch of an attendant at a seaside bathing place, with a woman under his care. The attendant is represented as saying: "How ugly she is! Suppose I should let her go; she can't swim; she would be drowned; perhaps her husband would be grateful!"

☞ The Davenport brothers are performing in Berlin as simple jugglers, the authorities having refused to grant them a license for a performance by any other name.

☞ A "Cheap John" in New York sells a razor in the following fashion: "Gentlemen, I will now offer you a feather edge, silver-steeled razor. I guarantee that if you take it home and put it under your pillow, you will find yourself ready shaved in the morning."

☞ The banana is growing abundantly in New Orleans.

Jenny Lind and Otto's "Ruth."

A London critic writes:—

"If the attraction of the once famed "Swedish nightingale" is no longer at the fever height of the mad epoch in which her sway was overwhelming, there is still sufficient curiosity on the part of the rising generation to hear an artiste on whom the old opera and oratorio frequenters dilated with such enthusiasm. To many who heard Jenny Lind in her best days the present exhibition is a sad one. There is nothing, in fact, more distressing than the decay of a great artist. There are amateurs who recollect the night at Covent Garden theatre when the elder Kean played Othello to the Iago of his son Charles Kean. The great tragedian sank exhausted just after he had delivered the celebrated 'Farewell' lines. The appearance of the beautiful Falcon on the stage of the Grand Opera House in Paris, as Rachel in Halévy's 'Juive,' when her voice deserted her, will never escape the recollection of those who were present. The return of Pasta after her organ, never very good, was ruined, was another melancholy exhibition. Even recently, Grisi's return to Her Majesty's Theatre, as Lucrezia Borgia, must be added to the list of distressing scenes of artistic ambition overleaping itself. To these reminiscences the festival-frequenter will have to add the almost tragical incident of last Wednesday, when Jenny Lind stood in the Cathedral, on the orchestral platform, struggling against nature, essaying to force out tones no longer at her command, showing the intellect unimpaired, but the voice utterly destroyed. A young Welsh girl in her very professional terms was heard in the finale of the first part, to prove that youth will have its turn; and the fresh sympathetic tones of the vocalist was palpably a relief to the auditory, who seemed to draw breath, and to inhale the clear and brilliant notes of Miss Edith Wynne in the Miracle of the Rain in the 'Elijah,' as a contrast to the spasmodic cries of a toneless soprano.

"Nor was the 'Elijah' the only mortification destined for the singer whose re-appearance was based on motives which must be respected. She was prepared to risk a great reputation as a singer in order to give fame to her husband as a composer; but, truth to state, 'Ruth' is an utter failure. Not even a *succes d'estime* can be accorded to Herr Otto Goldschmidt. A more thoroughly unvocal composition, with more ugly orchestration, we never heard. Its dullness and its dreariness are indescribable, despite of a really cleverly arranged book by Mr. George Grove, the only fault of the libretto being indeed a superabundance of recitatives, as will be seen by the outline of the numbers printed in last week's QUEEN. It cannot be conceived how Herr Goldschmidt could have so mistaken his vocation. He does not seem to understand part writing or the laying out of an orchestra. The choralists were in despair at their ungrateful parts; the instrumentalists groaned at their discordant sounds; nothing seemed to mix—the judicious and harmonious blending of voices with the instruments was wanting. Then, as to individuality of style, the Sacred Pastoral is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; it is neither sacred nor secular; it is jocular when it should be serious, trivial when it should be solemn; but, worse than all, it is soulless. There is no heart in the music. Neither the maternal affection of Naomi, nor the pious and filial action of Ruth, have inspired the composer. A theme replete with tenderness has been treated by crude amateurship frigidly as ice. The music is as dry as the stick with which the conductor beats his time.

☞ The only daughter of Spotted Tail, the celebrated Indian Chief, is named Lizzie Euphemia Pocahontas. She is "finishing her education" at Omaha. She is learning to sing in Italian and play the piano.

☞ Time, in order to keep up with the progress of the age, is said to have abandoned the scythe and the hour-glass, and purchased a sewing machine and a watch.

☞ By an act of the Nebraska Legislature, passed June 24, 1867, women of lawful age are allowed to vote at the district school meetings. The first election under the law will be held in October.

☞ When I did well, I heard it never; when I did ill, I heard it ever.

☞ There are ice caves in Oregon. The ice is in columns or pillars, and Portland gets its whole supply from an immense cavern in the White Salmon River.

☞ A young lady who is up among the White Mountains, writes to a friend, confidentially:—"It is delightful to climb up these hills, with a young man to help you in the steep places, and eat a luncheon with you on the summit." She is evidently a young lady of taste and experience.

☞ It is a rule with the banks to pay no checks at the counter unless the person presenting the same is known to the teller. A check was presented at the counter of one of our Boston banks recently, on the back of which was a description of the "person presenting the same," as follows, viz.: "Sixty years old, gray hair, blue coat, gray pants and vest, specs, blue cotton umbrella." Suffice it to say the check was paid and no questions asked.

☞ Economy at Long Branch, according to a lady visitor, consists in bringing only thirty dresses, two lace shawls, four parasols, five round hats, and three boxes of gloves.

☞ Lucy Stone once said, "There is cotton in the ears of man, and hope in the bosom of woman." Lucy made a mistake, and got the cotton in the wrong place.

☞ Resolve on that course of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

☞ The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

☞ Numerous railroads in Europe are trying the experiment of iron cross-ties instead of wooden sleepers. The rails are embedded nine inches deep in gravel, which it is claimed will give them sufficient stability.

☞ Formerly, when negroes voted in New Jersey, a candidate sent an old negro preacher two barrels of nice potatoes. Next meeting day he exhorted his hearers on the duty of voting, and the difference between whigs and democrats. He told the story of the receipt of the potatoes, and added: "My bredren, some tell you to vote for de whigs, some tell you to vote for de democrats, but I tell you to vote where you get de taters!"

☞ SEASIDE DRAMATICS.—Bland Old Bachelor—"*Spending* the summer down here, sir?" Bluff Old Paterfamilias—"No, sir, not spending the summer; spending *greenbacks*, sir, at the rate of five a minute."

☞ "Tonsorial Palace" is the sign over one of our hair-dressing saloons. Is it called so because there are so many crowns dressed there?

The Beauty of Flowers.

Most people have yet to learn the true enjoyment of life; it is not fine dresses, or large houses, or elegant furniture, or rich wines, or gay parties, that make homes happy. Really, wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the higher sort; these depend not on money, or money's worth; it is the heart, and taste, and intellect, which determine the happiness of men; which give the seeing eye and the sentient nature, and without which man is little better than a walking clothes-horse.

A snug and a clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it be wholesome; windows, into which the sun can shine cheerily; a few good books (and who need be without a few good books in these days of universal cheapness?)—no dunns at the door, and the cupboard well supplied, and with a nosegay of flowers in your room!—and there is none so poor as not to have about him the elements of pleasure.

Hark! there is a child passing our window calling "wallflowers!" We must have a bunch forthwith. A shower has just fallen, the pearly drops are still hanging upon the petals, and they sparkle in the sun which has again come out in his beauty. How deliciously the flower smells of country and nature! It is like summer coming into our room to greet us. The wallflowers only last night were looking up to the stars from their native stems; they are full of buds yet, with their promise of fresh beauty.

But what do you say to a nosegay of roses? Here you have a specimen of the most beautiful of the smiles of Nature! Who, that looks on one of these bright, full-blown beauties, will say that she is sad, or sour, or puritanical? Nature tells us to be happy, to be glad, for she decks herself with roses; and the fields, the skies, the hedgerows, the thickets, the green lanes, the dells, the mountains, the morning and evening sky, are robed in loveliness. The "laughing flowers!" exclaims the poet; but there is more than gayety in the blooming flower, though it takes a wise man to see its full significance—there is the beauty, the love, and the adaptation, of which it is full.

What would we think or say of one who had invented flowers—supposing, that before him, flowers were things unknown; would it not be the paradise of a new delight?—should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence till now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creating Power, which bade the earth bring forth, not only that which was useful as food, but also flowers, the bright, consummate flowers, to clothe it in beauty and joy!

See that graceful fuchsia, its blood-red petals, and calyx of bluish-purple, more exquisite in color and form than any hand or eyes, no matter how well skilled or trained, can imitate! We can manufacture no colors to equal those of our flowers in their bright brilliancy—such, for instance, as the scarlet lychnis, the browallia, or even the common poppy. Then see the exquisite blue of the humble Speedwell, and the dazzling white of the Star of Bethlehem, that shines even in the dark. Bring one of even our common field flowers into a room, place it on your table or chimney-piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is ever cheerfulness about flowers; what a delight are they to the drooping invalid; the very sight of them is cheering; messengers from the country without, and seeming to say:—"Come and see the place where we grow, and let thy heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers? Are they not like children undimmed by sin? They are emblems of purity and truth, always a new source of delight to the pure and the innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, is one that we should not like to consort with. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice to all—to old and young, to rich and poor, if they would but listen, and try to interpret their meaning.

Have flowers in your room, then, by all means! If you can have them for your window also, so much the better. What can be more delicious than the sun's light streaming through flowers—through the midst of crimson fuchsias or scarlet geraniums? Then to look out into the light through flowers—is not that poetry? And to break the force of the sunbeams by the tender resistance of green leaves? If you can train a nasturtium round the window, or some sweet-peas, then you have the most beautiful frame you can invent for the picture without, whether it be the busy crowd, or a distant landscape, or trees with their lights or shades, or the charges of the passing clouds. Any one may thus look through flowers for the price of an old song. And what a pure taste and refinement does it not indicate on the part of the cultivator!

Flowers in your window sweeten the air, make your room look graceful, give the sun's light a new charm, rejoice your eye, and link you to nature and beauty. You really cannot be altogether alone if you have sweet flowers to look upon; and they are companions which will never utter a cross thing to anybody, but always look beautiful and smiling. Do not despise them because they are cheap, and because everybody may have the luxury as well as you. Common things are cheap, and common things are invariably the most valuable. Could we only have fresh air or sunshine by purchase, what luxuries these would be; but they are free to all, and we think not of their blessings.

There is, indeed, much in nature that we do not yet half enjoy, because we shut our avenues of sensation and of feeling. We are satisfied with the matter-of-fact, and look not for the spirit of fact, which is above all. If we would open our minds to enjoyment, we should find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. We want some loving knowledge to enable us truly to enjoy life, and we require to cultivate a little more than we do the art of making the most of the common means and appliances for enjoyment which lie about us on every side. There are, we doubt not, many who may read these words, who can enter into and appreciate the spirit of all that we have now said; and, to those who may still hesitate, we would say—begin and experiment forthwith; and, first of all, when the next flower-girl comes along your street, at once hail her, and "Have a few flowers for your room!"

☞ A travelling "tooth cleaner" was arrested in Boston a few days since, and fined for making foolish people's teeth white with muriatic acid.

A Word on Cricket.

FROM A LONDON PERIODICAL.

The batting has beaten the bowling, say the wiseacres. But is the bowling as good as it was, and is cricket better than the cricket of a quarter of a century ago? The best test of the question is to compare the scores in two great matches—taking for examples the match between Kent and England in 1839, and the match between Kent and Surrey played in July, 1867.

The elevens in each of these years included some of the finest players in England, and both matches extended over three days. In the Kent and England match, one thousand and sixty-seven balls were bowled for four hundred and sixteen runs, one hundred and twelve overs being maidens. In this match, all the wickets fell, Kent winning by two runs. In the Kent and Surrey match of this year, fifteen hundred and sixty-four balls were bowled, one hundred and sixty-eight overs being maiden, and thirty-three wickets fell for six hundred runs.

Taking the proportion of maidens overs out of the number of balls bowled, there is little or no difference between past and present cricket, though in one respect the bowling of 1867 contrasts favorably with that of 1839, there being only *one* "wide" in this year's match, whereas, in the olden time, there were twelve wides out of a less number of balls.

Comparing the batting in the two matches, the average per wicket, not counting the "not outs," was ten runs a wicket in 1839, against eighteen a wicket in 1867.

The wiseacres are, to a great extent, right. The batting is stronger than formerly, and it may be accounted for very easily. In the first place, railways have increased cricket ten-fold, and players of eminence, instead of appearing, as they did formerly, two or three times a year on a country ground, may be met with daily on any cricket ground in England. The good bowlers have no longer a monopoly of their art; cricket to them has become a regular calling, and one or more of their order may be found in every large public school and university club ground, and in many private clubs, and the result is that when an amateur finds himself placed on the list of his county, he is quite as much at home on a public ground as he is on his village green.

Referring to the "Siege of the Wicket," which is the same *size*, and subject to all the same dangers now as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, let us see how it is that scores are so much longer than formerly.

There are a few reasons which seem to account for the batsman's success in the present day. The majority of the players have known hardly anything else but round arm bowling and the slow under-hand, and the general use of leg pads and gloves has given them a great advantage as regards leg hitting, and playing what is called the Cambridge or Harrow "poke." Mr. Alfred Mynn was, I believe, the originator of this style. When the round arm bowling deprived the batsman of the "draw" to a great extent, Mr. Mynn would lift his left leg as high as he could, and guarding his right leg with the bat, place the ball square with the wicket, or behind him, according to the position of the field. This was not a very elegant performance, but it was effective. The "on poke" has now become very popular with good players; it requires no small amount of pluck (if the bowling is fast), and great accuracy of eye. The player must look the ball straight in the face without flinching, and keep his bat as straight as a line, as he is in double danger of leg before wicket and a nasty body blow. Nothing bullies a bowler and the field more than this "poke," if well done, particularly if the batsman can hit hard as well, as he has the opportunity of getting two of the field close to him on the one side, and will probably find a large space unguarded, if he can get hold of a drive. Another cause of the long scores is the excellence of the cricket grounds of the present day. A good wicket now is as true as a billiard table, and is all against the bowler and in favor of the bat, and, moreover, the ground will not wear out, as it used to do formerly, owing to want of preparation.

Now as regards the bowling. It is treason to say so, but I firmly believe it is not so good as formerly, speaking of the very best. The slow overhead and overhand throw which is now occasionally seen in the south, and the childish attempt to pitch a ball ten feet in the air, on the chance of its falling on the balls, would have been scouted by the brave yeomen of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hants, twenty-five years ago. I much doubt whether such bowlers as Alfred Mynn, Hillyer, Lillywhite, Cobbett, and Redgate, who all played in 1839, can be seen in any one match now. Redgate bowled Stearman, Faller Pilch, and Alfred Mynn, in one over, and they were three of the finest players in England. The bowling then was real round arm bowling, and the hand was obliged to be kept below the shoulder. For accuracy old Lillywhite and Hillyer were never surpassed, and both of them had the credit of pitching a ball just where they pleased. Cobbett also was very true. Redgate was very elegant in his delivery, and very deadly also. He took a long run before delivery, and the pace was tremendous. Both he and Mr. Mynn bowled the purest round arm bowling possible, with the arm straight out, the difference being that Redgate ran to the wicket and Mr. A. Mynn marched about six paces and swung the ball in, pulling himself short up on his left foot. Tarrant, Wooton, Grundy, and Greenwood most resemble the bowlers of the past; but it may fairly be said that there has never been a second Lillywhite, Hillyer, Redgate, or Alfred Mynn.

No doubt the present is as straight as any bowling since round-hand was invented, but there is a very great doubt whether the fashionable over-hand, and sometimes over-head, style is so effective as the true round-arm. There are a dozen bowlers of the present day who pound the ball down with the hand in a line with a wicket, without any break or spin on the ball, to one bowler who delivers the ball with the hand below the shoulder and the arm well out from the body. The pounding bowling is very true to the wicket, but very simple to play, whereas the lower delivery causes the ball to spring directly it touches the ground, and if the wicket is dead, it very often shoots

Again, comparing the past with the present, county matches in the south have much less interest than formerly, owing to their frequency. The easy access to London enables the country people to see all the cricketing notorieties at some time, on one of the London grounds, and there is great sameness in the style of batting Twenty or thirty years ago people would go any distance to see Pilch, Mynn, Felix, Lillywhite, Mr. Taylor, Box, Wenman, Guy, Redgate, and others, but now there are few individual players who will draw many to see themselves specially.

When Dearman, the Yorkshireman, challenged all England at single wicket, and Mr. Alfred Mynn obeyed his call, there were five thousand people on the Town-Malling ground, in Kent, before eleven o'clock in the morning; and when Mr. Mynn went to Sheffield to play the return match, the coach by which he travelled was mobbed at every town through which it passed along the North Road. And he was worth seeing, as he was the handsomest and noblest cricketer in the world. He won by a hundred and twelve runs in the first match, and in one innings, with thirty-six runs to spare, in the return.

Batting and averages occupy the thoughts of the present cricketers a great deal more than formerly. They don't reckon how many runs they have lost owing to catches missed, and balls badly fielded. They do not look on themselves as members of a small army, who are fighting against another army on equal terms, and they are apt to go away before the match is over, and get a man to field for them if they have had *the* great desideratum—their Innings. These remarks do not apply to all cricketers, but to far too many. "Self" has taken a strong hold on cricket, and public cricket too often looks as if it was contracted for at so much per day. A captain is not what a captain used to be. The average mania is as fatal to cricket as the trade unions are to commerce, and Jones, and Brown, and Robinson go about playing in scratch teams, in matches in which they have no interest beyond their innings; and if a captain puts either of them in last man, they think themselves badly used, whereas if they had gone in early they would probably have slipped away by a train which started an hour before the time for leaving off.

Although all these drawbacks are bad for cricket, still on the whole, the game in general is much better now than formerly, but as regards the *very* best public cricket, I cannot see, after a thirty years' experience, anything done better now than in days gone by. Certainly the bowling is not better; and the wicket-keeping of Mr. Jenner, Box, and Wenman, without pads or gloves, was a feat which I much doubt any man of the modern day being able to do, although the men of this day are very good. It may safely be said that no amateur has ever surpassed, if he has equalled, the play of Mr. Felix, Mr. Taylor, or Mr. Mynn; or that any professional has excelled Pilch, Guy, Wenman, Dorrington, and a host of others who flourished with them.

Looking again to the fielding, the present age cannot show better professional fielding than that of the old school, though as regards the amateur cricketers, the improvement is very marked. The fielding of the Marylebone Club against Surrey, at the Oval, in the present year, was one of the finest sights that could be witnessed in cricket; and as a rule, the fielding is *the* great feature in the Oxford and Cambridge matches.

But, reverting to the professional players, it certainly is the case that we see players sometimes in county matches, who are put in for their batting, and who in the field make a regular muddle of the game, being neither able to throw, catch, or stop a ball. This was not the case in days of yore. The question whether the field were equal to watch out against the slow bowling, would never have been asked then, as it is now sometimes. One of the chief requisites for a cricketer was being a good fielder, and if he was not, he would have had no chance of playing for his county.

Taking cricket for all and all, there is not much fault to find with it in 1867. It has grown more, and picked up fewer faults in its rapid growth, than most sports. Shooting—that is, old-fashioned shooting—has been totally altered for the worse; but village greens are much as village greens were, and squire and peasant meet on equal terms on the time-hallowed turf, and steady old men sit by and smoke their pipes, and say—as I am saying now—that as good cricket existed in their time, as in ours; proving the truth of the old saying, "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona."

F. Gale.

☞ Reader! did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! Then you had better get a little gal-an-try.

☞ Dio Lewis has taken the "Pond House," on the Lexington Railroad, some five miles from Boston, and will reopen his school there on the 25th instant. He says in a letter that his "beautiful home is in ashes, but God willing, in a year from this date I shall resume operations in Lexington on an extended scale."

☞ A young man from Vermont, who went out on a sailing party recently and became a victim to sea sickness, describes the sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die, and the second I was afraid I shouldn't."

☞ Henry Smith, of Whitestone, Long Island, accidentally dropped a cap into a cistern recently, and while fishing for it, he hooked fast to the clothing of his little boy who had been missing for an hour or two. This was the first intimation the father had that the boy was drowned.

☞ The Executive Committee of the Southern Relief Association held a final meeting in New York last week. The total contributions for Southern aid have reached nearly $3,000 000, including $573 000 expended by direction of Congress out of the Freedmen's Bureau appropriation.

☞ The Boston Journal tells of a lady at Saratoga who, "having decided to return by the middle of September, has begun to send her luggage in instalments. She will accompany the last car load herself."

☞ The great dry goodsman up town is said to resemble young Norval's father, whose "only care was to increase his store."

☞ It seems probable that a new system of telegraph construction will soon be adopted generally in England. The wires are to be laid side by side in tubes buried under the bed of a railway, each being separately insulated in a very simple manner.

☞ The days of superstition, it appears, are not yet numbered. It is announced that in Troy there is an old woman of seventy who pretends to "tell fortunes," and a few days ago the crowd around her residence was so great that the police had to interfere and break it up.

☞ The New York Tribune says that were Brooklyn technically, as it is practically, annexed to that city, it would have a population of 1,700,000, and a territory of nearly circular form with a radius of ten miles.

☞ People often spend half their lives in contracting maladies, and the other half in trying to get rid of them.

"How the Lady Joan kept her Vow."

A LEGEND OF LYMINGTON.

What can a young lassie, what will a young lassie—
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

In spite of this assertion, many a "young lassie" has been well content to marry an "auld man;" provided always there has been plenty of tocher on the right side. So it was that Samuel Baldwin, Knight, and sojourner in the parish of Lymington, did, in the year of grace, 1730, find a young and beautiful bride. Tradition passes over the history of their married life in ominous silence. Suffice it, that when Sir Samuel died there was found a curious paper, stating it to be his will and pleasure that his body should be carried out to Scratchells Bay, and there sunk. "In order," the document went on to say, "that my wife, Joan, may not be able to dance upon my grave, which, in the bitterness of her wrath, she has vowed to do."

In obedience to this singular command, the worthy knight's body was duly weighted and left to rest under the shadow of the Needles; while the young widow took entire possession of the dead man's property, no one disputing the will which she produced.

Now the Lady Joan Baldwin looked marvellously fair in her weeds; and, although it is said that it is of no use gilding pure gold, every-day experience proves that there are exceptions to the rule; therefore, fair as the widow was, the gilding derived from the funds made her doubly fair, and brought to her feet the greedy, the needy, the rich, the poor. Time went on, and to the disappointment of the gossiping world Lady Joan seemed in no haste to change her condition, but the rather to aim at universal conquest. The ladies grew not only scandalous but wrath, for so equally were Joan's favors distributed that every man secretly considered himself the most fortunate, and thus, there being no rejected suitors, there were no deserters, and the wrathful indignation of the neglected sisterhood was the more excusable. Things went on after this fashion until a hunting meeting came off. Lyndhurst was full of great noblemen. The Lady Joan was the toast at many a wild carouse. The hunt lasted for several days, and when the festivities were at a height an event occurred that put the place on the *qui vive*.

At the close of a long and successful day in the forest, a stranger rode home at the widow's bridle-hand.

"Some Lymington fellow," said the Londoners.

"Some court *roué*," said the Lymington folk.

Yet, though unknown to the lady's jealous followers, the stranger was evidently not only on good, but familiar, terms with the widow; who, in place of remaining the night at Lyndhurst, rode on to Lymington, escorted by the new arrival. Next day, there was rage and amazement in many a heart. Lymington church bells clanged a joyous wedding peal. The widow had outwitted them.

Disappointed suitors let loose their tongues, and out of very spite hunted up the fact that the man who had outdone them all and carried off the prize, was an old lover, to whom, before she was "my lady," Joan Armitage had plighted her troth, and who, they asserted, had remained in the neighborhood disguised as a forester, nothing loth to wait for the knight's well-tocshered widow. Nor was this all: darker stories were whispered, and at last it was even hinted that the knight had met his death unfairly, and that the settlement and will by which the widow claimed her great wealth was forged by the mysterious lover. Joan heard of these things, and only laughed. "I married for money once, I can marry for love this time." Yet in spite of the boasted love, and the constant presence of the man she had chosen, a great change became visible: the bright color faded out of her cheeks; her eyes grew sunken and dim; her laugh hushed; life and energy seemed to be fading away. The bridegroom, too, was a changed man: he became silent and morose; scarcely ever left his wife's side; and watched her with a pertinacity which the lookers on called jealousy. Some said Lady Joan was conscience smitten; some said her husband ill-treated her: both reports were as far from the truth as such generally are. It was only to a chosen friend that the unhappy man unbosomed himself.

"Night after night," he said, "I wake and behold her place vacant. Night after night I have endeavored to remain awake, that I might unravel the mystery; but in vain: I invariably fall asleep, and when morning comes Joan is lying by my side, and were it not that her face is pale and haggard, and her feet cut and travel stained, I could believe I had been dreaming."

"You have questioned the Lady Joan, of course?" said his friend.

"Not a word, Dick."

"Then, why not watch her?"

"Ay, that is it! I want you to help me. Do you consent to lie in wait this very night, and we will follow her?"

So it was arranged. Dick Berkley was waiting in the street, when, shortly after the church tolled twelve, the house door opened, and the Lady Joan, clad only in her white night-dress, tripped down the steps. Dick had always been an admirer of the ladies; but he stood amazed exceedingly as he caught sight of her beautiful face, lighted up with a gleam he had never seen before; her long hair floating, Godiva like, in the wind, her fair arms stretched over her head, and her clasped hands eremingly wrung together in agony. There was something so extraordinary in the circumstances attaching to the lady—something so wild and passionate in her attitude and expression—that Dick's heart was stricken, and although he hesitated for a moment, he did not lose sight of her. He had pledged his word to follow her, and so he went, keeping close behind her as she walked down the High street, and through the ill-paved byelanes, leading to the so called quay. As she approached, a small boat, with one boatman, glided up the river, and as it grated against the steps, Lady Joan stepped in.

"Quick, quick!" whispered her husband, who had come up with Dick a little while before. "Follow her to the devil!"

Dick shuddered, but unfastened a boat, and they were soon in pursuit.

"Not too near," said Dick, lying on his oars; for the husband, beside himself with jealous fury, was gaining upon the little boat. "Not too near, I say, or they will suspect us; they are making for the castle."

He was wrong, however: they passed Hurst Castle, and steered straight across the Solent: rounded the Needles, and turned into Scratchells Bay: here those who followed saw a fearful sight.

The water was as smooth as glass, but bright with a lurid, weird-like flame; and upon it danced the Lade Joan, filling the air with her shrieks, while all the time, round and round, sliding, courtseying, bounding, she performed her ghastly minuet.

An hour, which seemed an age to the lookers on, passed. Held by some strange power they still sat, watching with staring eyes, and curdling blood, until the white figure was taken back into the boat, and rowed to shore again.

Not one word passed between the friends; but next day Joan's husband set off on a journey to London, where he meant to lay the mysterious case before eminent doctors, both spiritual and physical, in the hope of obtaining release from his devil-possessed wife.

Not so Dick Berkley. That love is capricious, and, moreover, covers a multitude of sins, we all know. The glamor was over poor Dick, who was so passionately enamored of Lady Joan, that he even envied the devil the pleasure of ferrying her to her nightly task; and Lady Joan, who had grown weary of the evil tempter, and surveillance of her husband, proved herself nothing loth to accept Dick's homage. And Dick, finding the lady willing, and the coast clear, made such use of his time that in a week from her husband's departure, Joan had consented to elope with her new lover, and carry off with them all the wealth she could bring to account.

They embarked in a French sloop, the captain of which agreed to take them to Cherbourg; but, as ill-luck would have it, the ship was becalmed just beyond the Needles, in the haunted Scratchells Bay.

"I'll be able to keep my vow at last," laughed Lady Joan. "Sir Samuel was buried here; if there is a fiddler among the crew he shall come up, and I shall dance over the old wretch's grave in spite of his queer will."

There was no fiddler; and Dick, who, ever since the wind had fallen so suddenly and left them in the fatal Bay, had been getting more and more frightened, managed to persuade Joan that such an action would be folly, and soon forgot the horrors of the past in the happiness of the present.

At midnight, Dick, who was still awake, saw his mistress rise. He rose too; and following her on deck, perceived the same scene and horror he had witnessed before; and as he leaned against the bulwark, the devil prompting him, he thought, "Why not leave her here, and carry off the riches she has robbed the old man of."

No sooner said than done. The breeze, which seemed to be waiting for his wish, sprang up; the sails filled, and the sloop began to move through the glancing water. But only for a second: the heavens grew black; thunder pealed; and a fiery bolt, rushing down from the angry clouds, split the ship in two.

Dick found himself floating upon the waves, clinging frantically to a broken mast, not another vestige of the wreck was visible. But there, pirouetting, with streaming hair and gasping lips, Lady Joan danced her death dance.

Dick was sorry for her now, and called to her in his own despair and agony; but she heeded him not. As a long red streak away in the west told of coming day, the shrieks grew wilder and the dance more furious. Higher and higher spread the rosy dawn, until the Needles caught the reflection, and reared themselves like a blood-stained hand. Dick tried to shut his ears; but the frantic shrieks would not be drowned. One, at last, came wilder and more horrible than all. The white figure disappeared beneath the waves, now glowing like fire, and the unhappy man was left clinging to the spars, alone upon the wide waters.

Hours after, he was picked up by a passing ship and carried to Ireland, from whence he wrote, detailing the circumstances, and announcing his intention of taking holy orders, wherefrom he hoped to obtain absolution and relief.

* * * * * *

Such is the Legend of Scratchells Bay; and although I never could succeed in seeing the phantom-dance of the Lady Joan, the old boatman who gave me the history of her fate, assured me, that when he was fishing off the Bay, he saw her; and was so frightened, that he drank a whole bottle of rum, and found himself in the morning drifted nearly to Southampton water. I fancy my friend was of the poet's opinion, and might have justly said

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell—
There it always lay for me.

I. D. Fenton.

☞ The process of butter making, says the Scientific American, depends mainly upon physical action. The butter is formed in the cream, and the effect of the churning is simply to bring the isolated particles into one mass. A high temperature favors the process of softening the globules of butter and rendering them more adhesive.

☞ As scalping is a somewhat rare experience, Mr. Thompson's sensations are of considerable interest. He says that when, after sawing and hacking about his head for half an hour, and giving a finishing cut over his left temple, the scalper gave it a jerk because it stuck a little, it "just felt as if the whole head was taken right off."

☞ Bayard Taylor is engaged in translating Goethe's Faust.

☞ The Easton (Pa.) Express says:—A young girl, about seven years of age, was found in a huckleberry woods, near Lackawaxen, up the country, on Sunday of last week, dead. She had gone out on the Saturday previous to gather berries, and not returning at night, search was instituted. When found, the body was terribly bloated, and had the marks of seventeen stings of rattlesnakes. What a horrible death she must have endured!

☞ Young ladies, if they would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, should avoid the following:—Late hours, large crinoline, tight corsets, confectionery, hot bread, cold draughts, pastry, furnace registers, easy carriages, hearty suppers, thin shoes, nibbling between meals, ill temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old.

☞ Boston and Roxbury, after fifteen years' agitation of the subject, are at length to be united under a single municipal government. Previous to the annexation, Boston was the sixth city in the country in point of population. Now, however, it will be next to Brooklyn, and the fourth in rank, with about 270,000 population.

THE COW.

Oh, the cow, the beautiful cow!
Nibbling the hay from the fragrant mow;
Into the thistle and clover so fresh
Poking your nose with a sweet relish,
Munching,
Munching,
All in a mash:
Beautiful cow, you will one day be hash!

Oh, the cow, the playful cow!
Meeting the pail with a playful bow,
Giving it generally all of your milk;
Winking and blinking your lashes of silk
As it streams
And splashes
With frolicsome dash:
A failure to give it soon settles your hash.

☞ A Brooklyn paper thinks to cut Beecher's hair short and put a modern paper collar on him, and his apostolic appearance would be gone. His large collar is now one of his greatest stocks in trade.

☞ In New York, financial irregularities are called "the accumulation of accidental errors in reckoning."

"Bear and forbear." Thus preach the Stoic sages,
And in two words include the sense of pages;
"With patience bear life's certain ills; and, oh!
Forbear those pleasures that must end in woe."

☞ A model husband in Wales trundled his sick wife two hundred miles in a wheelbarrow to a "holy well" where she could be cured of her malady.

☞ The Austrian Minister of Police has found that tobacco in prisons is a magic aid to discipline. It acts like a miracle. The hardest characters are made mild and obedient, the most wicked almost transformed into saints. This is partly the effect of the sedative and narcotizing influences, partly the dread of being deprived of an accustomed luxury and solace. Prisoners dread the deprivation of their accustomed allowance of the weed more than solitary confinement, bread and water, or even the cat-o'-nine-tails.

☞ Montana has elected Kavanagh, Democrat, delegate to Congress by 1,500 majority. The Legislature is almost wholly Democratic.

☞ A resolution praying the Government to separate the public schools from the Church has been passed by the school teachers assembled at Vienna.

☞ A young man in Switzerland, who, under the name of Miss Dr. Abbotta, from the United States, and under the attire of a woman, has been practicing medicine extensively among the ladies in one of the cantons of Switzerland. He was detected, and much indignation expressed toward him—but he could only be punished for practicing without a license.

☞ The New York Times and a Western paper agree that Mr. Bancroft "would have greatly improved his style by a five years' drill on a first-class newspaper."

☞ A man named Tess has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis. He Teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* pain, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

Take Aver's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils, and sores which are merely emblems of the rottenness within. sep21-2t

Holloway's Pills.—Facts to be remembered.—Low spirits, declining appetite, indigestion and dyspepsia, are speedily exchanged for robust health, by the use of these most excellent medicines. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. Eugenius M. Davis to Miss Fannie M. Hess, both of this city.

On the 5th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. John Dilworth to Miss Ellen Echstein, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. William E. Benson, of Roxborough, to Mrs Hannah A. Hutton, of this city.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Wilbur H. Reel to Miss Louisa Patterson, both of this city.

On the 22d of July, 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. George Weyman to Miss Martha Smith, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Charles Farrer to Miss Maggie M. Mayer, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Charlotte Coates, aged 35 years.

On the 9th instant, Sarah, wife Andrew Bickett, in her 55th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Kiesby A. Morris, in her 25th year.

On the 8th instant, William Silcox, in his 77th year.

On the 8th instant, Francis Dimond, in his 48th year.

On the 7th instant, Taylor Ingram, in his 51st year.

On the 7th instant, Rosanna Marley, in her 90th year.

On the 6th instant, in Germantown, Thomas B. Longstreth, aged 60 years.

On the 6th instant, Alexander Dunlop, aged 80 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's or a Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

[AFTER VICTOR HUGO.]

I.

Forget? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;
The strange awaking from a dream of death,
The sudden thrill to find thee creeping near;
Our huts were desolate, but far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the day,
No one had seen thee pass,
Trembling I came, alas!
Can I forget?

II.

Once I was beautiful. My maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
Ah! weary traveller! Rest in my loving arms!
Let there be no regrets, and no farewell!
Here, of thy mothersweet, where waters flow,
Here, of thy fatherland, we whispered low,
Here music, praise, and prayer,
Filled the glad summer air,
Can I forget?

III.

Forget? My dear old home must I forget?
And wander forth, and hear my people weep,
Far from these woods, where, when the sun has set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep;
Far from lush flow'rets, and the palm-trees moan,
I could not live. Here let me rest alone.
Go! I must follow nigh;
With thee I'm doomed to die,
Never forget!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

NIGHT is beautiful itself, but still more beautiful in its association; it is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils—the business and listlessness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us—and night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight; the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows, are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls but upon the pavement and roof, the heart would be softened and the mind elevated amid the loveliness of Night's deepest and stillest hours.

☞ A wag recommends that, when you are walking on a rainy day, and see a tall man without an umbrella, you offer him a shelter, and having "taken him in," hang your umbrella upon his hat, and clinging to the handle, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course, he will be too polite to say anything about it.

☞ Memorandum for tedious beaux—N. P. Willis once said, in a private conversation, that a woman would tire of Phœbus Apollo himself if the young man hung about the house all the time.

☞ People act first, and think afterwards, taking care to reconcile their opinions to their conduct.

DESERTED.

The river flowed with the light on its breast,
And the waves were eddying by;
And the round, red sun went down in the West,
When my love's loving lips to my lips were prest,
Under the evening sky.
Now weeping alone by the river I stray,
For my love has left me this many a day;
Left me to droop and die.

As the river flowed then, the river flows still,
In ripple and foam and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice by the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day.
But I love it no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away.

O! river, run far! O! river, run fast!
O! weeds, float on to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hope that like bread on the waters I cast
Has drifted away like thee!
So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my lips will murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me.

Curiosities of French Duelling.

According to some authors, duelling is of the very highest antiquity, its origin being ascribed to Cain, in whose invitation to his brother, as given in the French translation: "Let us go forth," they profess to discover the exact terms of a cartel. France, no doubt, borrowed the custom directly from Germany, where first we find the duel regarded as an appeal to heaven. Divested of its religious character, the duel becomes the Judicial combat and the wager of battle, till, losing the sanction of the law, it arrives at its modern position as simply an "affair of honor."

The judicial combat became rare in France after the fourteenth century; during a period of one hundred years, only four examples of it are found. A great blow was given to it in 1385 by the unfortunate result of a duel fought in the presence of Charles VI. and all the court; the judgment of God, as it was impiously called, proved *unfavorable to a man who, accused of a crime*, protested his innocence, and was thereupon compelled to take his part in a duel ordered by the parliament. Being conquered, he was hanged on the gallows, which formed a part of the preparations of the battle-field; but some time afterwards, another man declared himself guilty of the crime which had led to the duel. This was, in fact, the end of the judicial combat. Henceforth, the parliaments systematically refused to lend their sanction to these appeals; and the duel became simply a question of obtaining "satisfaction" for wounded honor.

Royalty, however, continued to preside at hostile meetings, which, indeed, were only permitted on formal demand to the king. The sceptre thrown into the arena was the signal for discontinuing the combat; and the most infuriated champion did not afterwards dare for his life to strike a blow. One of the earliest memorable duels took place in the sixteenth century, between De la Chataigneraye and De Guy Chabot, better known as Jarnac. The altercation which led to this duel took place in the reign of Francis I., but it was Henry II. who at last gave the sanction to a duel refused by his predecessor. Jarnac sent to his adversary a most formidable challenge, calling on him to provide more than thirty kinds of arms for use on horseback as well as on foot, and even named some half-score or more of horses of various breeds, and differently caparisoned. "Jarnac wants to fight me, mind and purse," was the observation of La Chataigneraye, who, nevertheless, by recourse to friends and the king, his good master, managed to furnish his contingent to the excessive pomp which decorated the "emptying" of this old quarrel. La Chataigneraye, who was a notorious swash-buckler, had prepared to celebrate right royally his expected victory, but he reckoned without his host. The famous "blow of Jarnac" brought him, hamstrung, to the ground; and, mad with rage, he died refusing to admit his defeat. Jarnac's fighting appears to have been perfectly fair, and it is therefore rather hard on his memory that the proverbial expression which embalms his name should be applied to a stroke treacherous as well as fatal. Henry II. was so moved by the result of this combat, that on the corpse of the slain man he swore never to sanction any more duels. There had been such sharp work already, that a writer of the beginning of the seventeenth century states the number of gentlemen killed in duels since the first edict against them at six thousand.

A duel, singular as well for its tragic ending as for the moral drawn from it in those days, occurred in the reign of Francis II. Aubon and Matas, hunting with the king, got into a dispute, which they resolved to settle with the sword. Before long, Matas sent the weapon of his adversary flying into the air. "Pick up your sword," said he, "and learn to hold it better another time. Go: I pardon you, and let us hear no more of this, young hot-head." While mounting his horse, however, Aubon fell on him, and ran him through. Aubon's friends were strong at court, while those of Matas were in disgrace, so that Matas was only regretted and "blamed," says Brantome, "for that he thus neglected the good fortune which put his enemy at his mercy."

Duelling had at last got to such a height, that in 1566 it was classed among the worst crimes, and made punishable with death. But this severity only gave to the practice the sweetness of forbidden fruit. Duels were fought on the slightest pretexts, and where they were wanting, on none. In less than twenty years, eight thousand pardons had been granted to gentlemen who had killed their adversaries. One day, two duellists crossing the Seine for the purpose of fighting, see others hunting about for boats in which to follow and prevent the combat. They hasten their boatmen, and scarce on shore, they cry out in chorus: "Quick, quick! they're coming to separate us." A few passes, and both fall dead. At another time, a madman named De Gennes persists in fighting two men at once, and to those who try to stop him, he exclaims: "What! have you never seen one man against two? The histories are full of it. Come on both! I'll get myself into the Chronicles!" And, in truth, it was almost worth while to have one's exploits recounted in the deliciously naive language of Brantome. Witness his reflection on a fight, three against three: "Some say that M. le Baron de Biron, more courageous and quick of hand, killed his man the first, and went to the help of the others; in which he did right well, and showed that with his valor he had no small judgment and foresight!" Bussy d'Amboise, who took advantage of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to kill a relation with whom he was at law, had, before this exploit, signalized himself as a duellist. A gentleman named St. Phal called his attention to some X's in a piece of embroidery; Bussy, to bring on a duel, swore they were Y's. On this weighty subject there came off a duel of six on each side. Bussy was wounded, but soon sent another challenge, and even had the audacity to offer battle to the captain of the king's Guards, sent to stop this second fight. It needed the intervention of the king and his brother to put an end to this almost interminable quarrel.

The game went bravely on: from 1589 to 1608, eight thousand duellists fell; and King Henry IV. would have been only too glad to take his share of the work. "If I were only your friend," he wrote to Duplessis Mornay, "and not your king, there is no sword which would more readily come out of its scabbard for you than mine." In this reign, Lagarde Valon had, by his exploits, awakened the envy of another cut-throat, named Bazanez, who accordingly sent to his rival a hat, threatening to come and take it and the new wearer's life at the same time. Lagarde wore the hat, and went about seeking Bazanez, whom he did not know by sight. Finding one another at last, the two braves went to work. A tremendous blow fell right on the top of Bazanez's head—in vain: the skull was so hard that the sword glanced off. The second blow had more effect. "There's for the hat," said Lagarde; "and there for the feather; and here for the band." Bazanez was fast losing blood, but was not done for yet. He rushed on his man, and by main force knocked him down. "Beg for your life!" he cried, as one after the other he dealt Lagarde fourteen blows between the neck and the waist. "No! no!" cried Lagarde at each stroke, and with a desperate effort he bit off half the chin of Bazanez, and knocked in the back of his head with the pummel of his sword. Wonderful to relate, both survived—one to die some years later in an ambuscade, the other to become the terror of the country into which he withdrew. A friend of his, in this retirement, aped his ally: "I only mend my pen with my sword!" said he to a poet. "No wonder you write so ill!" was the reply.

The rage for combats at last got too much even for the easy king, and a new edict of great severity was issued; but the fighting went on all the same, and the king shut his eyes. The mania even increased in the reign of Louis XIII. We read of two men who get into a hogshead, and there hacked one another to pieces with knives. Two others, on a simple question of precedence, clasp the left hands, and poniard each other. At length, after law upon law, came out the celebrated edict of 1626, of which such use was to be made by Richelieu. Francois de Montmorency, Count of Bouteville, the most notorious duellist of that day, could never hear it said of a man that he was brave without at once going off to challenge him. He had fought more than twenty duels. To defy the new edict, he fixed on the Place Royale, at three o'clock in the afternoon, as the place and time of what was to be his last combat. Richelieu insisted on his execution: "We must cut the throats of these duellists or of your majesty's edicts:" so Bouteville died, in spite of all intercession. Edicts and he could, indeed, not well live together. Condemned to death by default before this, he had caused the proclamation to be torn down by force, and pursuit getting hot, had made for the frontier with an escort of two hundred armed men.

Severe as Richelieu was on duelling grandees, he appears, from the Chronicles, to have been very tolerant of combats among the smaller fry. The Baron d'Aspremont, for example, almost fought three duels in a single day. Beginning in the morning, he killed an adversary, who only contrived to pink him in the leg. Troubled by this wound, the baron, unable to eat at table, amused himself by throwing at his friends pellets of bread, one of which chanced to strike a gentleman, who considered that he had thereby received an affront. Having run this second adversary through the arm, the baron was enlisted as a second in a third duel, which, however, was stopped. The Chevalier d'Andrieux was another brave of the same stamp. At thirty years of age, he had killed seventy-two men. Preparing for another duel: "Chevalier," said his adversary, "you'll be the tenth man I shall have killed!" "And you my seventy-third!" replied the Chevalier, whom the result proved to be in the right.

This humorous gentleman was in the habit of promising to his disarmed adversaries their lives if they would forswear their hopes of salvation; this done, he would cut their throats, that, as he said, he might have the pleasure of killing them body and soul.

Ludovic de Piles and his brother were journeying towards Paris, and arriving at Valence, entered an inn, and asked for supper. The landlord declared that he had only eggs and cheese. "For whom, then, is that spit turning?" "For four officers." "Go and ask them to allow us to join them." This request met with a prompt refusal. Ludovic and his brother supped wretchedly, and went to bed in a room divided from that of the officers by a thin partition only. Ludovic, enraged at the treatment he had met with, lay wide awake, and heard jests at the expense of the pair who had fared so ill. In the morning, the two brothers started betimes, but before they had gone a league, "I've left my purse behind," cried Ludovic. "Do you go on; I shall come up with you by dinner-time." Returning to Valence, he went straight to the room of the officers. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am one of the two travellers with whom you refused to share your supper. You had a right to do this, but not to make your jokes upon us. I don't like it, and I ask satisfaction of all of you." One after another, the four officers fall, and Ludovic, rejoining his brother, rejoices that he has recovered his purse. Not a word of the duels, of which the brother hears for the first time from Cardinal Mazarin, who advises him to keep Ludovic out of the way.

Cyrnano de Bergerac made a point of always holding himself in readiness to act as second to whomsoever might need his services. He was a most skilful swordsman, but, was blessed by nature with so long a nose, that all his adroitness could not save it from an occasional cut. These multiplied in the immense number of duels he fought, till his notched nose became quite a curiosity, one, however, which it was dangerous to look at too closely: a dozen men paid with their lives for a simple inspection of the monstrous and disfigured cartilage. One of his exploits was to throw himself into the midst of a band of assassins, of whom he killed two and wounded seven, while the rest took to flight.

The mania for duels was not confined to the sterner sex; witness the exploits of the better-half of Chateau Gay de Marat. This virago used to appear on horseback in great boots, with her petticoats tucked up, and carrying a sword at her side, and pistols at her saddle-bow. Having a bone to pick with a M. Codieres, she called him out. He "came up smiling," and played about with his sword, till he found that the lady was seriously bent on sending him to the ancestral vault. Changing tactics, he pressed her so hard, avoiding wounds that at last she dropped to the ground through sheer fatigue, and had to cry for quarter. Quarrelling afterwards with some gentlemen, she happened to meet them at the chase, and made preparations to charge. Her groom cried out: "Come off, madam—come off; they are three against one." "Never mind," quoth the dame; "no one shall say that I met them without charging them." And charge she did for the last time, for her adversaries had the bad taste to kill her.

In the gallery of *femmes vaillantes*, La Beaupre holds a foremost place. After an exchange of strong language with La des Urlis, she rushed away, and came back, bringing two swords. Des Urlis took one, thinking no ill; but La Beaupre pressed her hard, wounded her in the neck, and would certainly have killed her, had not timely help come.

Farther on in point of time comes La Maupin. This magnificent swordswoman, had been lightly spoken of by Dumesnil, a male fellow-performer at the opera, and, in fact, the eccentricities of her manners afforded wide scope for comment. Determined to have satisfaction, without any waste of words, she dressed up as a man, and waited for Dumesnil as he left the theatre. As soon as he appeared, she touched him with her sword, and bade him draw. Dumesnil, who was not in a duelling humor, tried to sheer off, when La Maupin produced a stick, and laid it lustily about his shoulders, finishing by taking his watch and snuff-box. The next day, the actor was complaining at the theatre of having been set on by a band of robbers, who had ill-treated and despoiled him. "You lie," broke in the virago; "it was my doing. I thrashed you because you hadn't the heart to accept my challenge; if you want proof, look here at your watch and snuff-box." On another occasion, she was at a ball in male costume, and managed to provoke three gentlemen. They all went out to fight, and the actress killed the three, one after the other.

Another singular affair was the duel between the Marquise de Nesle and the Comtesse de Polignac, in the Bois de Boulogne. The former proposed pistols; the countess accepted, and generously gave her adversary the first shot. The Marquis fired, and missed, breaking a branch from a tree. "Anger makes the hand shake," was the cool comment of the countess, who fired, and carried away the tip of her adversary's ear.

Returning to male duellists, we light on M. de Sainte-Foix, a terribly quarrelsome gentleman, who retired from the army, and took to literature, without abandoning his warlike habits. Here is a specimen of his manner of whiling away an idle hour. He was one day in the Cafe Procope, when one of the King's Guard entered and ordered a cup of coffee and a roll, adding in an undertone to himself: "That will do for my dinner." "You're making a miserable dinner," said Sainte-Foix, addressing him. He repeated this several times, till at last the Guardsman got angry; a fight ensued, and Sainte-Foix was wounded. "It is all one," he said: "a roll and a cup of coffee are a wretched dinner."

"You smell like a goat," was a polite observation he once made to a gentleman, who forthwith challenged him to fight. "To what purpose?" said Sainte-Foix. "If you kill me, you wont smell any better; and if I kill you, you'll smell a great deal worse."

The history of the duel that Voltaire would have fought, well known as it is, is too interesting to be omitted. He was dining with the Duc de Sully, and in a discussion which arose, differed in opinion from another of the guests. "Who is this young fellow who contradicts me in so loud a voice?" asked the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, a worthy predecessor of the scandalous cardinal, perhaps one of the biggest blackguards of the eighteenth century. "Sir," replied Voltaire, "it is a man who does not trail a great name, but who honors that which he bears." Rohan left the table trembling with rage, and host and guests alike agreed that it was a happy deliverance. Some days later, Voltaire was again dining in the same house, when a servant told him that he was required below for a charitable purpose. Without a moment's delay, the great man descended, and made for a hackney-coach, into which he was requested by a plaintive voice to enter. On doing so, he was seized by one man, who held him while another administered five or six blows with a switch. A little way off was the chevalier in his carriage, protected by four hired cut-throats. "That's enough," he said, and gave the order to drive on. Voltaire returned to the house, and adjured the duke to regard as an insult to himself this outrage on a guest. The host refused, however, even to make a deposition. From that moment Voltaire renounced for ever a house which he justly regarded as, by this neglect, covered with dishonor. In language, every word of which is more wounding than a sword-thrust, he next addressed himself to the authorities. "I most humbly represent that I have been brutally assaulted by the brave Chevalier de Rohan, aided by six cut-throats, behind whom he was boldly posted. Ever since this time, I have sought to restore, not my honor, but his; a task too difficult." Failing in this application, he took lessons in fencing, and as soon as he could manage a sword, went, with a friend, to the Theatre Francais, and opening the box of the chevalier: "Sir, should matters of business not have caused you to forget the outrage of which I have to complain, I trust that you will make me amends." The thrust was galling. This scion of the house which for motto had, "King am not; prince deign not; Rohan I am," was believed to do a smart business in petty, usurious loans. He accepted the challenge, and named his own place and time; then taking care to let his family know of the affair, they procure a *lettre de cachet*, and Voltaire is thrown into the Bastille, whence he emerges at the end of twelve days, only to go to England in the custody of a warder. Clearly, nothing could provoke the chevalier; Voltaire abandoned his attempts.

Two officers of the Guards had a quarrel, which ended in a blow. The aggrieved person plastered on his cheek a piece of taffeta, the size of the palm of his hand, and then politely invited the giver of the blow to accompany him to a quiet spot. The result of this promenade was, that the wearer of the taffeta gave his adversary a wound bad enough to lay him up for two months. Before leaving the ground, he quietly drew from his pocket a pair of scissors, and just cut off from the piece of stuff a little circle. The wounded man was beginning to get about, when a visitor was announced by the servant. "It is a gentleman who wears a piece of taffeta on his face; he says that you expect him." "Oh, ah; just tell him I'll come down." Another combat ends with the same fortune, and the scissors are again brought into play. These duels went on with the requisite intervals, till at last the taffeta had decreased almost to a point. "I'm at the end of my piece," said the wearer C. to T., whose body was a mass of scars, "and you are at the end of your troubles." And so he was, for in the last duel, preluded by this little address, T. was killed.

The great Revolution so absorbed men's minds, that eccentric duels disappear for a while. Except that some are remarkable from the presence of political notabilities, there are few which would interest the reader. Combats became more frequent under the Empire, though an officer who was frequently engaged in duels was certain to earn the profound contempt of Napoleon. From the mass of uninteresting duels, let us pick out one worthy of mention, if only from the fact that it came to an end in 1812, after a duration of nineteen years. Fournier, a captain of hussars, and a most inveterate duellist, had, without provocation, called out and killed at Strasburg a young man named Blumm, the only support of a large family. Fournier's skill was so great that this affair was regarded as little better than a murder. On the evening of Blumm's burial, General Moreau gave a ball, and as it was suspected that Fournier would present himself, orders were given to Captain Dupont to refuse him admittance. The consequence was that Dupont received a challenge, which he gladly accepted, in the hope of at last chastising the insolence of a hardened cut-throat. Fournier fell wounded. "The first point to you," he exclaimed: "Then you mean to go on again?" "Yes; and before long, I hope."

A month later, it was Dupont's turn to be wounded. Fournier proposed pistols; but Dupont refused to accept a weapon which would give his adversary all the advantage. Fournier was so skilful with the pistol that frequently, as the men of his regiment passed on horseback at a gallop smoking, he would, with a bullet, knock the pipes out of their mouths. The two were so nearly equal with the sword that the contest seemed interminable; but they resolved to persevere till one or the other should admit himself to be beaten. To regulate their combats, the terms of an agreement were come to: "1. Whenever Dupont and Fournier shall be within thirty leagues of one another, each shall go half-way, in order that they may meet sword in hand. 2. If one of the two contracting parties should be prevented by his military duty, he who is free shall be bound to journey the whole distance, in order that the rules of the service and the requirements of the present treaty may be made to harmonize. 3. No excuses shall be accepted save those arising from military duties. 4. The present treaty being concluded in good faith, there can be no departure from conditions agreed on by the parties."

The agreement was religiously adhered to, and the warmest friendship could not have created in the two officers a more eager desire to avail themselves of every opportunity to meet. "My dear friend," wrote one of these eccentric combatants, "I shall be at Strasbourg on the 5th of November, about noon. Wait for me at the Hotel des Postes. We'll just have a touch at one another." Every now and then, the advancement of one or the other would interpose delay. This obstacle removed, Fournier (let us say) would write thus: "My dear Dupont, I learn that the Emperor, recognising your deserts, has just made you a general. Accept my sincere congratulations on a promotion which is only what you deserve. Your nomination is a double source of joy to me. On your account, I rejoice, and on my own also, for your promotion will give us the opportunity of an early meeting." At last they are both generals, but the combats go on. At one time, Dupont runs Fournier through the neck, and pins him to a wall, just like a butterfly in a case, but dares not change his position, as, if he does, Fournier can run him through. There they remain till their noise attracts the attention of some officers, who separate them. Dupont at last began to get weary of this endless contest; he was thinking of marrying, but must first settle with Fournier. Hunting him up, he proposed to finish up with pistols. To equalize the chances, it was decided that the combat should come off in a little wood. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the last act opened. Advancing warily, the two at last caught a glimpse of one another. Each immediately took refuge behind a tree. Dupont, inferior in skill, had recourse to artifice. He quietly lifted up his coat-tail, and pushed it beyond the tree; a ball whizzed through it immediately. A few minutes later, the mouth of his pistol appeared on the other side of the tree, while, at the same time, just a corner of the hat projected, as if the wearer were peeping out to take aim. In a moment, a ball carried the hat away among the bushes. "Your life is in my hands," said Dupont; "but I won't take it." "As you like," said Fournier. "Only mind," continued the victor, "I reserve my right to put a couple of balls into your head whenever I like; so don't come near me." And thus ended this long quarrel.

On the authority of the Comte de Pontecoulant, we give the following: Colonel Barbier-Dufal, a noted duellist, insulted Raoul X——, a young soldier, solely with the intention of provoking him to a duel. Finding, however, that Raoul was a mere boy, a fact disguised by his large stature, the fighting colonel made excuses, and wished to withdraw. Raoul refused to consent to this course, and swords were drawn. The disparity of the combatants was so great, that the colonel, after four times disabling his adversary, proposed that some other mode of fighting should be found. It was impossible to use pistols in the street; what was to be done? At this moment, the rumble of a hackney-coach was heard, and Dufal found the wished-for solution. "Stop this cab," he said to the seconds, "and run and exchange these swords for a pair of daggers of equal length."—"This is what I propose," he added to Raoul: "we will get into the coach, armed each with a dagger, and bound to one another, with our right arms only free; then let the doors be shut, and the coach go twice round the Place du Carrousel." Raoul accepted; the proposed arrangements were made; and, at a signal, the cab started, two

seconds on the box-seat, the other two behind. As the horses, driven by the seconds, dashed round at a pace unequalled in the history of hackney-coaches, one cry was heard, then a second, then all within was still. The journey finished, the seconds rushed to the doors, and, from a pool of blood, drew out the two combatants. Raoul was dead; the colonel, pierced with wounds, and with his face torn by Raoul's teeth, yet managed to survive.

Slight as were the means at their disposal, the officers taken prisoners by the English during the long war with France, contrived to sustain the reputation of their country in the matter of the duello. Here are two instances, which we give on the authority of the Annual Register. "A duel was fought by two of the French prisoners on board the Samson prison-ship lying in Gillingham Reach. Not having any swords, they attached to the ends of two sticks a pair of scissors each. The transaction took place below in the prison, unknown to the ship's company. One man, wounded in the abdomen, died." Again: "Two French officers on parole in Reading, fought a duel in a field not far from the New Inn, on the Oxford Road, when one of them received a ball, which passed through the back part of his neck. Unable to procure pistols, they had agreed to decide the affair with a fowling-piece, at about fifty paces, by firing alternately. The first discharge was conclusive. The officer who fired rendered every assistance to his wounded antagonist. He accompanied him in a post-chaise to his lodgings, where a surgeon dressed his wound, which is said not to be dangerous."

From the Annual Register also we give particulars of the following duel, of which, as we have found no mention of it in the French histories, we are inclined to think that it may perhaps be no more the record of an actual encounter than the affair of Raoul X——— (we have grave doubts as to the reality of personages designated by this initial in French anecdotes) and Dufal. The quarrel was between M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique, and the combat came off at, or perhaps we should say above, Paris, in May 1808. "Being both men of elevated minds, they agreed to fight in balloons, and in order to give time for their preparation, it was determined that the duel should take place on that day month. Accordingly, on the 3d of May, the parties met at a field adjoining the Tuileries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each attended by a second, ascended his car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situations. A great multitude attended, hearing of the balloons, but little dreaming of their purpose; the Parisians merely looked for the novelty of a balloon-race. At nine o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically amidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, blowing from the north-north-west, and they kept, as far as could be judged, within about eighty yards of each other. When they had mounted to the height of about nine hundred yards, M. le Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately afterwards, the fire was returned by M. Grandpre, and penetrated his adversary's balloon, the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house-top, over which the balloon fell. The victorious Grandpre then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safe with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension."

It is hard to doubt, we confess, after the natural touch, "wind moderate, blowing from the north-north-west." Surely the force of duelling can no further go; so here, in spite of the temptation offered by numerous anecdotes of more recent duels, we conclude our article.

Conversation.

Dr. Holmes thus depicts the characteristic styles of conversation in the two leading cities of the Union, as they are represented at a boarding-school:

"Don't you think she's vurry good-lookin'?" said a Boston girl to a New York girl. "I think she's real pooty."

"I dew indeed. I didn't think she was haaf so handsome the feerst time I saw her," answered the New York girl."

"What a pity she hadn't been bawn in Bawston!"

"Yes, and moved very young to Ne Yock!"

"And married a sarsaparilla man, and lived in Fift Avenoo, and moved in the fust society."

"Better do that than be strong-minded, and dew your own cook'n, and live in your own kitch'n."

"Don't forgit to send your card when you are Mrs. Old Dr. Jacobs!"

"Indeed I shaan't What's the name of the alley, and which bell?" The New York girl took out a memorandum-book as if to put it down.

"Hadn't you better let me write it for you, dear?" said the Boston girl. "It is as well to have it legible you know."

"Take it," said the New York girl. "There's tew York shill'ns in it when I hand it to you."

"Your whole quarter's allowance, I believe,—ain't it?" said the Boston girl.

"Elegant manners, correct deportment, and propriety of language will be strictly attended to in this institution. The most correct standards of pronunciation will be inculcated by precept and example. It will be the special aim of the teachers to educate their pupils out of all provincialisms, so that they may be recognized as well-bred English scholars wherever the language is spoken in its purity."—*Extract from the Prospectus of Madam Delacoste's Boarding School.*

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we go from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have some thing of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

☞ "Bill, did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did; last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl, but I only sailed there once." "Why so?" "Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing bootjacks and smoothing irons at people."

☞ The good distrust themselves—the perverse their neighbors.

IN MEMORIAM.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGEWICK.

The "Tale" at length is told,
The ready hand is cold,
The heart that beat with love is still.
O lay her gently to her rest,
With thousand grateful wishes blest,
Who bore to all her kind good will.

Unto her quiet "Home"
She now in peace hath come,
That she may with her kindred sleep.
The wide-spread homes that she has cheered,
The many hearts to her endeared,
Their tribute bring with them who weep.

She led the sick to health,
She gave the "Poor Man" wealth,
The Poor, the Rich, alike her friends;
The blessed "Means" she taught and tried,
The path of life she sanctified
To pure and high and noble "Ends."

Though frail the wreath we lay
On her calm brow to-day,
The memory sweet of all she gave
Our youthful days to guide and please,
Our riper years of care to ease,
Shall bloom unwithered o'er her grave.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF."

V.

When Mr. Barly came down to breakfast, the morning after his return, he found another of those great, square, official-looking letters upon the table. There was a check in it for £100. "You will have to meet heavy expenses," the young man wrote. "I am not sorry to have an opportunity of proving to you that it was not the money which you have taken from me I grudged, but the manner in which you took it. The only reparation you can make me is by keeping the enclosed for your present necessity."

In truth the family prospects were not very brilliant. Myrtle Cottage was resplendent with clean windows and well-scrubbed door-steps, but the furniture wanted repairing, the larder refilling. Belle could not darn up the broken flap of the dining-room table, nor conjure legs of mutton out of bare bones, though she got up ever so early; sweeping would not mend the hole in the carpet, nor could she dust the mildew-stains off the walls, the cracks out of the looking-glass.

Anna was morose, helpless, and jealous of the younger girl's influence over her father. Fanny was delicate; one gleam of happiness, however, streaked her horizon; Emily Ogden had written to invite her to spend a few days there. When Mr. Barly and his daughter had talked over Mr. Griffiths's proposition, Belle's own good sense told her that it would be folly to throw away this good chance. Let Mrs. Griffiths be ever so trying and difficult to deal with, and her son a thousand times sterner and ruder than he had already shown himself, she was determined to bear it all. Belinda knew her own powers, and felt as if she could endure anything, and that she should never forget the generosity and forbearance he had shown her poor father. Anna was delighted that her sister should go; she threw off the shawl in which she had muffled herself up ever since their reverses, brightened up wonderfully, talked mysteriously of Fanny's prospects as she helped both the girls to pack, made believe to shed a few tears as Belinda set off, and bustled back into the house with renewed importance. Belinda looked back and waved her hand, but Anna's back was already turned upon her.

Poor Belinda! For all her courage and cheerfulness her heart sank a little as they reached the great bronze gates in Castle Gardens. She would have been more unhappy still if she had not had to keep up her father's spirits. It was almost dinner-time, and Mrs. Griffiths's maid came down with a message. Her mistress was tired, and just going to bed, and would see her in the morning; Mr. Griffiths was dining in town; Miss Williamson would call upon Miss Barly that evening.

Dinner had been laid as usual in the great dining-room, with its marble columns and draperies, and Dutch pictures of game and of birds and flowers. Three servants were in waiting, a great silver chandelier lighted the dismal meal, huge dish-covers were upheaved, decanters of wine were handed round, all the *entrées* and delicacies came over again. Belle tried to eat to keep her father in company. She even made little jokes, and whispered to him that they evidently meant to fatten her up. The poor old fellow cheered up by degrees; the good claret warmed his feeble pulse; the good fare comforted and strengthened him. "I wish Martha would make us ice puddings," said Belle, helping him to a glittering mass of pale-colored cream, with nutmeg and vanilla, and all sorts of delicious spices. He had just finished the last mouthful when the butler started and rushed out of the room, a door banged, a bell rang violently, a loud scraping was heard in the hall, and an echoing voice said, "Are they come? Are they in the dining-room?" And the crimson curtain was lifted up, and the master of the house entered the room carrying a bag and a great-coat over his arm. As he passed the sideboard the button of the coat caught in the fringe of a cloth which was spread upon it, and in a minute the cloth and all the glasses and plates which had been left there came to the ground with a wild crash, which would have made Belle laugh, if she had not been too nervous even to smile.

Guy merely told the servants to pick it all up, and put down the things he was carrying and walked straight across the room to the two frightened people at the end of the table. Poor fellow! After shaking hands with old Barly and giving his daughter an abrupt little nod, all he could find to say was—

"I hope you came of your own free will, Miss Barly?" and as he spoke he gave a shy scowl and eyed her all over.

"Yes," Belle answered, blinking her soft eyes to him more clearly.

"Then I'm very much obliged to you," said Guy.

This was such an astonishingly civil answer that Belinda's courage rose.

Poor Belinda's heart failed her again when Griffiths, still in an agony of shyness, then turned to her father, and in his roughest voice said,—

"You leave early in the morning, but I hope we shall keep your daughter for a very long time."

Poor fellow! he meant no harm and only intended this by way of conversation. Belle in her secret heart said to herself that he was a cruel brute; and poor Guy, having made this impression, broken a dozen wine-glasses, and gone through untold struggles of shyness, now wished them both good-night.

"Good-night, Mr. Barly; good-night, Miss Belle," said he. Something in his voice caused Belle to relent a little.

"Good-night, Mr. Griffiths," said the girl, standing up, a slight, graceful figure, simple and nymph-like, amidst all this pomp of circumstance. As Griffiths shuffled out of the room he saw her still; all night he saw her in his dreams. That bright, winsome young creature dressed in white, soft folds, with all the gorgeous gildings and draperies, and the lights burning, and the pictures and gold cups glimmering round about her. They were his, and as many more of them as he chose; the inanimate, costly, sickening pomps and possessions; but a pure spirit like that, to be a bright, living companion for him? Ah, no! that was not to be,—not for him, not for such as him. Guy, for the first time in his life, as he went down stairs next morning, stopped and looked at himself attentively in the great glass on the staircase. He saw a great loutish, round-backed fellow, with a shaggy head and brown glittering eyes, and little strong, white teeth like a dog's; he gave an uncouth sudden caper of rage and regret at his own appearance. "To think that happiness and life itself and love eternal depend upon tailors and hair-oil," groaned poor Guy, as he went down to his room to write letters.

Mrs. Griffiths had not seen Belle the night before; she was always nervously averse to seeing strangers, but she had sent for me that evening, and as I was leaving she asked me to go down and speak to Miss Barly before I went. Belinda was already in her room, but I ventured to knock at the door. She came to meet me with a bright, puzzled face and all her pretty hair falling loose about her face. She had not a notion who I was, but begged me to come in. When I had explained things a little, she pulled out a chair for me to sit down.

"This house seems to me so mysterious and unlike anything else I have ever known," said she, "that I'm very grateful to any one who will tell me what I'm to do here. Please sit down a little while."

I told her that she would have to write notes, to add up bills, to read to Mrs. Griffiths, and to come to me whenever she wanted any help or comfort. "You were quite right to come," said I. "They are excellent people. Guy is the kindest, best fellow in the whole world, and I have long heard of you, Miss Barly, and I'm sure such a good daughter as you have been will be rewarded some day."

Belle looked puzzled, grateful, a little proud, and very charming. She told me afterwards that it had been a great comfort to her father to hear of my little visit to her, and that she had succeeded in getting him away without any very painful scene.

Poor Belle! I wonder how many tears she shed that day after her father was gone? While she was waiting to be let in to Mrs. Griffiths she amused herself by wandering about the house, dropping a little tear here and there as she went along, and trying to think that it amused her to see so many yards of damask and stair-carpeting, all exactly alike, so many acres of chints of the same pattern.

"Mr. Griffiths desired me to say that this tower room was to be made ready for you to sit in, ma'am," said the respectful butler, meeting her and opening a door. "It has not been used before." And he gave her the key, to which a label was affixed, with "Miss BARLY'S ROOM" written upon it, in the housekeeper's scrawling handwriting.

Belle gave a little shriek of admiration. It was a square room, with four windows, overlooking the gardens, the distant park, and the broad, cheerful road which ran past the house. An ivy screen had been trained over one of the windows, roses were clustering in garlands round the deep, sill casements. There was an Indian carpet, and pretty silk curtains, and comfortable chintz chairs and sofas, upon which beautiful birds were flying and lilies wreathing. There was an old-fashioned looking piano, too, and a great book-case filled with books and music. "They certainly treat me in the most magnificent way," thought Belle, sinking down upon the sofa in the window which overlooked the rose-garden, and inhaling a delicious breath of fragrant air. "They can't mean to be very unkind." Belle, who was a little curious, it must be confessed, looked at everything, made secret notes in her mind, read the titles of the books, examined the china, discovered a balcony to her turret. There was a little writing-table, too, with paper and pens and inks of various colors, which especially pleased her. A glass cup of cut roses had been placed upon it, and two dear little green books, in one of which some one had left a paper-cutter.

The first was a book of fairy tales, from which I hope the good fairy editress will forgive me for stealing a sentence or two.

The other little green book was called the *Golden Treasury;* and when Belle took it up, it opened where the paper cutter had been left, at the seventh page, and some one had scored the sonnet there. Belle read it, and somehow, as she read, the tears in her eyes started afresh.

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?"

It began. "To ———" had been scrawled underneath; and then the letter following the "To" erased. Belle blinked her eyes over it, but could make nothing out. A little further on she found another scoring,—

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June!
Oh, my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune!"

and this was signed with a G.

"Love! That is not for me; but I wish I had a slave," thought poor Belle, hanging her head over the book as it lay open in her lap, "and that he was clever enough to tell me what my father is doing at this minute." She could imagine it for herself, alas! without any magic interference. She could see the dreary little cottage, her poor old father wearily returning alone. She nearly broke down at the thought, but some one knocked at the door at that instant, and she forced herself to be calm as one of the servants came in with a telegram. Belinda tore open her telegram in some alarm and trembling terror of bad news from home; and then smiled a sweet, loving smile of relief. The telegram came from Guy. It was dated from his office. "Your father desires me to send word that he is safe home. He sends his love. I have been to D. on business, and travelled down with him."

Belinda could not help saying to herself that Mr. Griffiths was very kind to have thought of her. His kindness gave her courage to meet his mother.

It was not very much that she had to do; but whatever it was she accomplished well and thoroughly, as was her way. Whatever the girl put her hand to she put her whole heart to at the same time. Her energy, sweetness and good spirits cheered the sick woman and did her infinite good. Mrs. Griffiths took a great fancy to her, and liked to have her about her. Belle lunched with her the first day. She had better dine down below, Mrs. Griffiths said; and when dinner time came the girl dressed herself, smoothed her yellow curls, and went shyly down the great staircase into the dining-room. It must be confessed that she glanced a little curiously at the table, wondering whether she was to dine alone or in company. This problem was soon solved; a side-door burst open, and Guy made his appearance, looking shy and ashamed of it as he came up and shook hands with her.

"Miss Belinda," said he, "will you allow me to dine with you?"

"You must do as you like," said Belinda, quickly starting back.

"Not at all," said Mr. Griffiths. "It is entirely as you shall decide. If you don't like my company, you need only say so. I shall not be offended. Well, shall we dine together?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Belinda, confused in her turn.

So the two sat down to dine together. For the first time in his life Guy thought the great room light enough and bright and comfortable. The gold and silver plate didn't seem to crush him, nor the draperies to suffocate, nor the great columns ready to fall upon him. There was Belinda picking her grapes and playing with the sugar-plums. He could hardly believe it possible. His poor old heart gave great wistful thumps (if such a thing is possible) at the sound of her voice. She had lost much of her shyness, and they were talking of anything that came into their heads. She had been telling him about Myrtle Cottage, and the spiders there, and looking up, laughing, she was surprised to see him staring at her very sadly and kindly. He turned away abruptly, and began to help himself to all sorts of things out of the silver dishes.

"It is very good of you," Guy said, looking away, "to come and brighten this dismal house, and to stay with a poor suffering woman and a great uncouth fellow like myself."

"But you are both so very kind," said Belinda, simply. "I shall never forget—"

"Kind!" cried Guy, very roughly. "I behaved like a brute to you and your father, yesterday. I am not used to ladies' society. I am stupid and shy and awkward."

"If you were very stupid," said Belle, smiling, "you would not have said that, Mr. Griffiths. Stupid people always think themselves charming."

When Guy said good-night immediately after dinner, as usual, he sighed again, and looked at her with such kind and melancholy eyes, that Belle felt an odd affection and compassion for him.

"I never should have thought it possible to like him so much," thought the girl, as she slowly went along the passage to Mrs. Griffiths's door.

It was an odd life this young creature led in the great silent, stifling house, with uncouth Guy for her playfellow, the sick woman's complaints and fancies for her duty in life. The silence of it all, its very comfort and splendidness, oppressed Belinda more at times than a simpler and more busy life. But the garden was an endless pleasure and refreshment, and she used to stroll about, skim over the terraces and walks, smell the roses, feed the birds and the goldfishes. Sometimes I have stood at my window, watching the active figure flitting by in and out under the trellis, fifteen times round the pond, thirty-two times along the terrace walk. Belle was obliged to set herself tasks, or she would have got tired sometimes of wandering about by herself. All this time she never thought of Guy except as a curious sort of companion; any thought of sentiment had never once occurred to her.

VI.

One day that Belle had been in the garden longer than usual, she remembered a note for Mrs. Griffiths that she had forgotten to write, and springing up the steps into the hall, on the way, with some roses in her apron, she suddenly almost ran up against Guy, who had come home earlier than usual. The girl stood blushing and looking more charming than ever. The young fellow stood quite still, too, looking with such expressive and admiring glances that Belinda blushed deeper still, and made haste to escape to her room. Presently the gong sounded, and there was no help for it, and she had to go down again. Guy was in the dining-room as polite and as shy as usual, and Belinda gradually forgot the passing impression. The butler put the dessert on the table and left them, and when she had finished her fruit Belinda got up to say good-by. As she was leaving the room she heard Guy's footsteps following. She stopped short. He came up to her. He looked very pale, and said suddenly, in a quick, husky voice—

"Belle, will you marry me?"

Poor Belinda opened her gray eyes full in his face. She could hardly believe she had heard aright. She was startled, taken aback, but she followed her impulse of the moment, and answered gravely—

"No, Guy."

He wasn't angry or surprised. He had known it all along, poor fellow, and expected nothing else. He only sighed, looked at her once again, and then went away out of the room.

Poor Belle! she stood there where he had left her; the lights burned, the great table glittered, the curtains waved. It was like a strange dream. She clasped her hands together, and then suddenly ran and fled away up to her own room—frightened, utterly puzzled, bewildered, not knowing what to do or to whom to speak. It was a comfort to be summoned as usual to read to Mrs. Griffiths. She longed to pour out her story to the poor lady, but she dreaded agitating her. She read as she was bid. Once she stopped short, but her mistress impatiently motioned her to go on. She obeyed, stumbling and tumbling over the words before her, until there came a knock at the door, and, contrary to his custom, Guy entered the room. He looked very pale, poor fellow, and sad and subdued.

"I wanted to see you, Miss Belinda," he said aloud, "and to tell you that I hope this will make no difference, and that you will remain with us as if nothing had happened. You warned me, mamma, but I could not help myself. It's my own fault. Good-night. That is all I had to say."

Belle turned wistfully to Mrs. Griffiths. The thin hand was impatiently twisting the coverlet.

"Of course,—who would have anything to say to him? Foolish fellow!" she muttered, in her indistinct way. "Go on, Miss Barly."

"Oh, but tell me first, ought I to remain here?" Belle asked, imploringly.

"Certainly, unless you are unhappy with us," the sick woman answered, peevishly.

Mrs. Griffiths never made any other allusion to what had happened. I think the truth was that she did not care very much for anything outside the doors of her sick-room. Perhaps she thought her son had been over-hasty, and that in time Belinda might change her mind. To people lying on their last sick-beds, the terrors, anxieties, longings of life seem very curious and strange. They seem to forget that they were once anxious, hopeful, eager themselves, as they lie gazing at the awful veil which will so soon be withdrawn from before their fading eyes.

A sort of constraint came between Guy and Belinda at first, but it wore away by degrees. He often alluded to his proposal, but in so hopeless and gentle a way that she could not be angry; still she was disquieted and unhappy. She felt that it was a false and awkward position. She could not bear to see him looking ill and sad, as he did at times, with great black rings under his dark eyes. It was worse still when she saw him brighten up with happiness at some chance word she let fall now and then—speaking inadvertently of home, as he did, or of the roses next year. He must not mistake her. She could not bear to pain him by hard words, and yet sometimes she felt it was her duty to speak them. One day she met him in the street, on her way back to the house. The roll of the passing carriage-wheels gave Guy confidence, and, walking by her side, he began to say,

"Now I never know what delightful surprise may not be waiting for me at every street corner. Ah, Miss Belle, my whole life might be one long dream of wonder and happiness, if—"

"Don't speak like this ever again; I shall go away," said Belle, interrupting, and crossing the road, in her agitation, under the very noses of two omnibus horses. "I wish I could like you enough to marry you. I shall always love you enough to be your friend; please don't talk of anything else."

Belle said this in a bright, brisk, imploring, decided way, and hoped to have put an end to the matter. That day she came to me and told her little story. There were almost as many reasons for her staying as for her leaving, the poor child thought. I could not advise her to go, for the assistance that she was able to send home was very valuable. Guy laughed, and utterly refused to accept a sixpence of her salary. Mrs. Griffiths evidently wanted her; Guy, poor fellow, would have given all he had to keep her, as we all knew too well.

Circumstance orders events sometimes, when people themselves, with all their powers and knowledge of good and of evil, are but passive instruments in the hands of fate. News came that Mr. Barly was ill, and little Belinda, with an anxious face, and a note in her trembling hand, came into Mrs. Griffiths's room one day to say she must go to him directly.

"Your father is ill," wrote Anna. "Circumstances demand your immediate return to him."

Guy happened to be present, and, when Belle left the room, he followed her out into the passage.

"You are going!" he said.

"I don't know what Anna means by circumstances—but papa is ill, and wants me," said Belinda, almost crying.

"And I want you," said Guy; "but that don't matter, of course. Go; go, since you wish it."

After all, perhaps it was well she was going, thought Belle, as she went to pack up her boxes. Poor Guy's sad face haunted her. She seemed to carry it away in her box with her other possessions.

It would be difficult to describe what he felt, poor fellow, when he came upon the luggage standing ready corded in the hall, and he found that Belle had taken him at his word. He was so silent a man, so self-contained, so diffident of his own strength to win her love in time, so unused to the ways of the world and of women, that he could be judged by no ordinary rule. His utter despair and bewilderment would have been laughable almost, if they had not been so genuine. He paced about the garden with hasty, uncertain footsteps, muttering to himself as he went along, and angrily cutting at the rose-hedges. "Of course she must go, since she wished it; of course she must; of course, of course. What would the house be like when she was gone?" For an instant a vision of a great dull vault without warmth, or light, or color, or possible comfort anywhere, rose before him. He tried to imagine what his life would be if she never came back into it; but as he stood still, trying to force the picture, it seemed to him that it was a thing not to be imagined or thought of. Wherever he looked he saw her, everywhere and in everything. He had imagined himself unhappy; now he discovered that for the last few weeks, since little Belinda had come, he had basked in the summer she had brought, and found new life in the sunshine of her presence. Of an evening he had come home eagerly from his daily toil looking to find her. When he left early in the morning, he would look up with kind eyes at her windows as he drove away. Once, early one morning, he had passed her near the lodge gate, standing in the shadow of the great aspen-tree, and making way for the horses to go by. Belle was holding back the clean, stiff folds of her pink muslin dress; she looked up with that peculiar blink of her gray eyes, smiled and nodded her bright head, and shrunk away from the horses. Every morning Guy used to look under the tree after that to see if she were there by chance, even if he had parted from her but a minute before. Good, stupid old fellow! he used to smile to himself at his own foolishness. One of his fancies about her was that Belinda was a bird who would fly away some day, and perch up in the branches of one of the great trees, far, far beyond his reach. And now was this fancy coming true? was she going—leaving him—flying away where he could not follow her? He gave an inarticulate sound of mingled anger and sorrow and tenderness, which relieved his heart, but which puzzled Belle her-

self, who was coming down the garden-walk to meet him.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Griffiths," said Belle. "Your mother wants to speak to you. I, too, wanted to ask you something," the girl went on, blushing. "She is kind enough to wish me to come back. . . . But—"

Belle stopped short, blushed up, and began pulling at the leaves sprouting on either side of the narrow alley. When she looked up after a minute, with one of her quick, short-sighted glances, she found that Guy's two little brown eyes were fixed upon her steadily.

"Don't be afraid that I shall trouble you," he said, reddening. "If you knew—if you had the smallest conception what your presence is to me, you would come back. I think you would."

Miss Barly didn't answer, but blushed up again and walked on in silence, hanging her head to conceal the two bright tears which had come into her eyes. She was sorry, so very sorry. But what could she do? Guy had walked on to the end of the rose-garden, and Belle had followed. Now, instead of turning towards the house, he had come out into the bright looking kitchen-garden, with its red brick walls hung with various draperies of lichen and mosses, and garlands of clambering fruit. Four little paths led up to the turf-carpet which had been laid down in the centre of the garden. Here a fountain plashed with a tranquil fall of waters upon water; all sorts of sweet kitchen-herbs, mint and thyme and parsley, were growing along the straight-cut beds. Birds were pecking at the nets along the walls; one little sparrow that had been drinking at the fountain flew away as they approached. The few bright-colored straggling flowers caught the sunlight and reflected it in sparks like the water.

The master of this pleasant place put out his great, clumsy hand, and took hold of Belle's soft, reluctant fingers.

"Ah, Belle," he said, "is there no hope for me? Will there never be any chance?"

"I wish with all my heart there was a chance," said poor Belle, pulling away her hand impatiently. "Why do you wound and pain me by speaking again and again of what is far best forgotten? Dear Mr. Griffiths, I will marry you to-morrow, if you desire it," said the girl, with a sudden impulse, turning pale and remembering all that she owed to his forbearance and gentleness; "but please, please don't ask it." She looked so frightened and desperate that poor Guy felt that this was worse than anything, and sadly shook his head.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I don't want to marry you against your will, or keep you here. Yes, you shall go home, and I will stop here alone, and cut my throat if I find I cannot bear the place without you. I am only joking. I dare say I shall do very well," said Griffiths, with a sigh; and he turned away and began stamping off in his clumsy way.

Then he suddenly stopped and looked back. Belle was standing in the sunshine with her face hidden in her hands. She was so puzzled, and sorry, and hopeless, and mournful. The only thing she could do was to cry, poor child,—and by some instinct Griffiths guessed that she was crying; he knew it,—his heart melted with pity. The poor fellow came back trembling. "My dearest," he said, "don't cry. What a brute I am to make you cry! Tell me anything in the whole world I can do to make you happy."

"If I could only do anything for you," said Belle, "that would make me happier."

"Then come back, my dear," said Guy, "and don't fly away yet forever, as you threatened just now. Come back and cheer up my mother, and make tea and a little sunshine for me, until—until some confounded fellow comes and carries you off," said poor Griffiths.

"Oh, that will never be. Yes, I'll come," said Belle, earnestly. "I'll go home for a week and come back; indeed I will."

"Only let me know," said Mr. Griffiths, "and my mother will send the carriage for you. Shall we say a week?" he added, anxious to drive a hard bargain.

"Yes," said Belinda, smiling; "I'll write and tell you the day."

Nothing would induce Griffiths to order the carriage until after dinner, and it was quite late at night when Belle got home.

VII.

Poor little Myrtle Cottage looked very small and shabby as she drove up in the darkness to the door. A brilliant illumination streamed from all the windows. Martha rubbed her elbows at the sight of the gorgeous equipage. Fanny came to the door surprised, laughing, giggling, mysterious. Everything looked much as usual, except that a large and pompous-looking gentleman was sitting on the drawing-room sofa, and beside him Anna, with a huge ring on her fourth finger, attempting to blush as Belle came into the room. Belle saw that she was not wanted, and ran upstairs to her father, who was better, and sitting in the arm-chair by his bedside. The poor old man nearly cried with delight and surprise, held out both his shaking hands to her, and clung tenderly to the bright young daughter. Belle sat beside him, holding his hand, asking him a hundred questions, kissing his wrinkled face and cheeks, and telling him all that had happened. Mr. Barly, too, had news to give. The fat gentleman downstairs, he told Belle, was no other than Anna's old admirer, the doctor, of whom mention has been made. He had re-proposed the day before, and was now sitting on the sofa on probation. Fanny's prospects, too, seemed satisfactory. "She assures me," said Mr. Barly, "that young Ogden is on the point of coming forward. An old man like me, my dear, is naturally anxious to see his children settled in life and comfortably provided for. I don't know who would be good enough for my Belinda. Not that awkward lout of a Griffiths. No, no; we must look out better than that."

"O papa, if you knew how good and how kind he is!" said Belle, with a sudden revulsion of feeling; but she broke off abruptly, and spoke of something else.

The other maid, who had already gone to bed the night before when Belle arrived at the cottage, gave a loud shriek when she went into the room next morning and found some one asleep in the bed. Belle awoke, laughed and explained, and asked her to bring up her things.

"Bring 'em hup?" said the girl. "What, all them 'ampers that's come by the cart? No, miss, that's more than me and Martha have the strength for. I should crick my back if I were to attempt for to do such a thing."

"Hampers,—what hampers?" Belle asked; but when she went down she found the little passage piled with cases, flowers, and game and preserves, and some fine old port for Mr. Barly, and some roses for Bel'e. As Belinda came down stairs, in her fresh morning dress, Anna, who had been poking about and examining the various packages, looked up with offended dignity.

"I think, considering that I am mistress here," said she, "these hampers should have been directed to me, instead of to you, Belinda. Mr. Griffiths strangely forgets. Indeed, I fear that you too are wanting in any great sense of ladylike propriety."

"Prunes, prism, propriety," said Belle, gayly. "Never mind, dear Anna; he's sent the things for all of us. Mr. Griffiths certainly never meant me to drink two dozen bottles of port wine in a week."

"You are evading the question," said Anna. "I have been wishing to talk to you for some time past,—come into the dining-room, if you please."

It seems almost impossible to believe, and yet I cannot help fearing that out of sheer spite and envy Anna Barly had even then determined that if she could prevent it, Belinda should never go back to Castle Gardens again, but remain in the cottage. The sight of the pretty things which had been given her there, all the evidences which told of the esteem and love in which she was held, maddened the foolish woman. I can give no other reason for the way in which she opposed Belinda's return to Mrs. Griffiths. "Her duty is at home," said Anna. "I myself shall be greatly engaged with Thomas,"—so she had already learnt to call Dr. Robinson. "Fanny also is preoccupied; Belinda must remain."

When Belle demurred and said that for the next few weeks she would like to return as she had promised, and stay until Mrs. Griffiths was suited with another companion, Anna's indignation rose and overpowered her dignity. Was it *her* sister who was so oblivious of the laws of society, propriety, modesty? Anna feared that Belinda had not reflected upon the strange appearance her conduct must have to others, to the Ogdens, to them all. What was the secret attraction which took her back? Anna said she had rather not inquire, and went on with her oration. "Unsuitably,—not to be thought of,—the advice of those whose experience might be trusted"—does one not know the rigmarole by heart? When even the father, who had been previously talked to, sided with his eldest daughter, when Thomas, who was also called into the family conclave, nodded his head in an ominous manner, poor little Belinda, frightened, shaken, undecided, almost promised that she would do as they desired; and as she promised, the thought of poor Guy's grief and wistful, haggard face came before her, and her poor little heart sobed and sank at the thought. But not even Belinda, with all her courage, could resist the decision of so much experience, or Anna's hints and insendoes, or, more insurmountable than all the rest, a sudden shyness and consciousness which had come over the poor little maiden, who turned crimson with shame and annoyance.

Belinda had decided as she was told—had done as her conscience bid her—and yet there was but little satisfaction in this duty accomplished. For about half an hour she went about feeling like a heroine, and then without any reason or occasion, it seemed to her that the mask had come off her face, that she had discovered herself to be a traitoress, that she had betrayed and abandoned her kindest friends; she called herself a selfish, ungrateful wretch, she wondered what Guy would think of her; she was out of temper, out of spirits, out of patience with herself, and the click of the blind swinging in the draft was unendurable. The complacent expression of Anna's handsome face put her teeth on edge. When Fanny tumbled over the footstool with a playful shriek, to everybody's surprise Belinda burst out crying.

Those few days were endless, slow, dull, unbearable—every second brought its pang of regret and discomfort and remorse. It seemed to Belinda that her ears listened, her mouth talked, her eyes looked at the four walls of the cottage, at the furze on the common, at the faces of her sisters, with a sort of mechanical effort. As if she were acting her daily life, not living it naturally and without effort. Only when she was with her father did she feel unconstrained; but even then there was an unexpressed reproach in her heart like a dull pain that she could not quiet. And so the long days lagged. Although Dr. Robinson enlivened them with his presence, and the Ogdens drove up to carry Fanny off to the happy regions of Capulet Square (E. for Elysium Anna I think would have docketed the district,) to Belinda those days seemed slow, and dark, and dim, and almost hopeless at times.

On the day on which Belinda was to have returned, there came a letter to me telling her story plainly enough.

"I must not come back, my dearest Miss Williamson," she wrote. "I am going to write to Mrs. Griffiths and dear, kind Mr. Guy to-morrow to tell them so. Anna does not think it is right. Papa clings to me and wants me, now that both my sisters are going to leave him. How often I shall think of you all—of all your goodness to me, of the beautiful roses, and my dear little room! Do you think Mr. Guy would let me take one or two books as a remembrance—Hume's *History of England*, Porteous's *Sermons*, and *Essays on Reform*! I should like to have something to remind me of you all, and to look at sometimes, since they say I am not to see you all again. Good-by, and thank you and Mrs. H. a thousand, thousand times.

"Your ever, ever affectionate BELINDA.

"P. S. Might I also ask for that little green volume of the *Golden Treasury* which is up in the tower-room?"

This was what Guy had feared all along. Once she was gone, he knew by instinct she would never come back. I hardly know how it fared with the poor fellow all this time. He kept out of our way, and would try to escape me; but once by chance I met him, and I was shocked by the change which had come over him. I had my own opinion, as we all have at times. H. and I had talked it over—for old women are good for something, after all, and can sometimes play a sentimental part in life as well as young ones. It seemed to us impossible that Belinda should not relent to so much goodness and unselfishness, and come back again some day, never to go any more. We knew enough of Anna Barly to guess the part *she* had played, nor did we despair of seeing Belinda among us once more. But some one must help her; she could not reach us unassisted; and so I told Mrs. Griffiths, who had remarked upon her son's distress and altered looks.

"If you will lend us the carriage," I said, "either H. or I will go over to Dumbleton to-morrow, and I doubt not that we shall bring her."

H. went. She told me about it afterwards. Anna was fortunately absent. Mr. Barly was down-stairs, and H. was able to talk to him a little bit before Belinda came down. The poor old man always thought as he was told to think, and since his illness he was more uncertain and broken than ever. He was dismayed when H. told him in her decided way that he was probably sacrificing two people's happiness for life by his ill-timed interference. When at last Belinda came down, she looked almost as ill as Griffiths himself. She rushed into H.'s arms with a scream of delight, and eagerly asked a hundred questions.

"How were they all—what were they all doing?"

H. was very decided. Everybody was very ill and wanted Belinda back.

"Your father says he can spare you very well," said she. "Why not come back with me this afternoon—if only for a time? It is your duty," H. continued, in her dry way. "You should not leave them in this uncertainty."

"Go, my child; pray go," urged Mr. Barly.

And at last Belinda consented shyly, nothing loth.

H. began to question her when she had got her safe in the carriage. Belinda said she had not been well. She could not sleep, she said. She had had bad dreams. She blushed and confessed that she had dreamed of Guy lying dead in the kitchen-garden. She had gone about the house trying—indeed she had tried—to be cheerful and busy as usual, but she felt unhappy, ungrateful. "Oh, what a foolish girl I am!" she said.

All the lights were burning in the little town, the west was glowing and reflected in the river, the boats trembled and shot through the shiny waters, and the people were out upon the banks as they crossed the bridge again on their way from Dumbleton. Belle was happier, certainly, but crying from agitation.

"Have I made him miserable, poor fellow? Oh, I think I shall blame myself all my life," said she, covering her face with her hands. "Oh, H.! H.! what shall I do?"

H. dryly replied that she must be guided by circumstances, and, when they reached Castle Gardens, kissed her and set her down at the great gate, while she herself went home in the carriage.

It was all twilight by this time among the roses. Belinda met the gate-keeper, who touched his hat and told her his master was in the garden; and so, instead of going into the house, she flitted away towards the garden, crossed the lawns, and went in and out among the bowers and trellises looking for him—frightened by her own temerity at first, gaining courage by degrees. It was so still, so sweet, so dark; the stars were coming out in the evening sky, a meteor went flashing from east to west, a bat flew across her path; all the scent hung heavy in the air. Twice Belinda called out timidly, "Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Griffiths!" but no one answered. Then she remembered her dream in sudden terror, and hurried into the kitchen-garden to the fountain where they had parted.

What had happened? Some one was lying on the grass. Was this her dream? was it Guy? was he dead? had she killed him? Belinda ran up to him, seized his hand, and called him Guy—dear Guy; and Guy, who had fallen asleep from very weariness and sadness of heart, opened his eyes to hear himself called by the voice he loved best in the world; while the sweetest eyes, full of tender tears, were gazing anxiously into his ugly face. Ugly! Fairy tales have told us this at least, that ugliness and dulness do not exist for those who truly love. Had she ever thought him rough, uncouth, unlovable? Ah! she had been blind in those days; she knew better now. As they walked back through the twilight garden that night, Guy said humbly—

"I shan't do you any credit, Belinda; I can only love you."

"*Only!*"

She didn't finish her sentence; but he understood very well what she meant.

[THE END.]

☞ The durability of painted wood has been shown by a report recently made by the Providence Railroad Company. Recently the superintendent of that company took up several white pine mile posts, on the line of the road, which were found to be as sound and as perfect as when placed in the ground more than thirty years ago. They were covered with paint, which had probably preserved them.

☞ Small mirrors, it is announced, are placed outside the windows of the private houses in Brussels and other German cities, by means of which the lady inmates are able to see, without looking out, those passing by in the street below, the figures being reflected in the glass. A visitor is seen by the same means when he appears at the door, and "at home" or "not at home" is often thus determined upon.

☞ Fitz John Porter has appealed to the President for a new trial, and claims that he has fresh testimony to prove that he was unjustly condemned by the court-martial of 1863. Horace Greeley, Senators Sherman and Wilson, and ex-Governor Curtin recommend that his request be granted.

☞ Wendell Phillips has expressed his belief that impeachment will follow immediately on the reassembling of Congress. But that will depend probably upon how the elections go this fall.

☞ THE HOMELESS CLASSES IN LONDON.—Of all the public dormitories, the largest and best is the mall of St. James's Park. There are canopies of foliage to keep off the rain, and those of the benches that have backs or a tree close behind them are at a premium. On an average each seat has three occupants. Some prefer to recline at full length, others rest with outstretched legs, pocketed hands, heads well down, buttoned-up coats, and hats half-way over their noses. Lads combine in a heap, and toward dawn rise to shake their wits together and enjoy a stimulating stretch. Not only from the lowest class are the guests recruited. Many of the sleepers are dressed tidily, almost well; and conjecture may busy itself as to the cause of their open air slumber.—*London Periodical.*

☞ Paris despatches announce that Garibaldi will leave London immediately for the Roman border. On his arrival there lively times may be expected.

☞ Hon. Oakes Ames, M. C., of North Easton, Massachusetts, in conjunction with a western gentleman of equally ample means, has contracted to build most of the remaining line of the Union Pacific Railroad for the sum of about $47,000,000. It is an immense undertaking, as the route lies across the Rocky Mountains, and the distance is about six hundred miles.

Witch-Pins.

Samuel Colt, the founder of the magnificent arms manufactory at Hartford, Conn., London, etc., and known all over the world, happened to be visiting that somewhat famous museum at Salem, Mass.,— a vast omnium gatherum of all the ancient relics of Puritanism—when, among other curiosities, he was shown a large lot of crooked brass pins, dingy and green with age and verdigris, which had been vomited up by the poor victims of persecution, when the devil had been cast out of them by the good and holy exorcists of that period.

Col. Colt examined the pins with great interest and close scrutiny. At length he said to the attendant—

"Is it certain that these pins were really thrown up by these poor women-devils at that remote time?

"You'll find the date in the catalogue which you have in your hand," was the only reply.

"Yes, I see—I see," responded the colonel, "but I've been looking into those pins a little, and I find that the long part and the head of the pin are all in one piece! That makes it bad, you see, because that kind of pin was invented about a century and a half after the witches of New England were executed for being 'possessed with the devil!' Take the idea, sir? These pins ought to have been old English pins, the heads and bodies separate; and I don't know how you are going to get 'em now, for our pins have run that kind out of the market years and years."

Those "crooked pins" have vanished from the museum.

☞ A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

☞ One Hugh McElroy, a Montana miner, lately shot himself. The coroner's jury called in the case brought in a verdict "that the deceased committed suicide, *and that he did so in self defense.*

☞ The Republican majority for Governor in the Maine election is variously estimated, the highest figure being 18,500—a loss of 14,000 since last year. The Democrats will have seven out of the thirty-one State Senators, and they claim a majority of the Representatives. The total vote of the state is about 11,000 less than last year.

☞ The Common Council of New Orleans has chosen for Assistant Recorders, three negroes and one white man. Negroes were also chosen for several other municipal positions.

☞ The New York Commercial gives the following description of a riding habit, as worn by some Western horsewomen: "It is a Zouave rig, which allows the lady to sit astride her steed. A close-fitting basque, tastefully ornamented with embroidery, with Zouave pants, made full like those of the Turks, and gathered at the bottom into bands which are concealed in the tops of high tight-laced gaiter boots. On the head a straw turban, with a plain velvet band and a tuft of flowers. Lilac is a favorite color, with black trimmings." The Commercial recommends the adoption of this habit, for reasons of health and safety.

☞ There must be considerable freedom of manners out West. A Chicago bachelor, who lives in a boarding-house, wants to know "how kissing and hugging at the tables, by recently married people," may be prevented.

☞ The authenticity of the recently discovered letter of Pascal to Sir Isaac Newton, foreshadowing the theory of gravitation, is denied by Sir David Brewster.

☞ A Buddhist "praying machine" is one of the curiosities of the exposition. It consists of a little square box, with a handle at the right side. When you wish to say a prayer, a turn of the handle will do it as easily as if it were a tune on a barrel organ. The Buddhist machine has this advantage over a Barbary organ, that it is noiseless. Its inventors guarantee it to say a hundred and twenty prayers a day, and it will never get out of order. The prayers are written on rollers in the box.

☞ RAWS.—"Pray, sir," said a young Singalese, learning English, to his tutor, "am I raw when my clothes are off?" "Not unless you have rubbed your skin off. Tell me, why do you ask?" The young man opened the dictionary and pointed to "Raw; undressed."

☞ Silkworms, fried in castor oil, are considered a luxury in China.

☞ A wedding was postponed by a severe rain storm in Missouri recently.

☞ An immense cranberry crop in New Jersey is reported.

☞ Dr. Henry G. Shaw, in an article in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, on "Foreign Bodies in the Ear," says that in his experience he has taken from the ear beans, cotton, slate pencils, peas, maggots, cockroaches, beads, glass, crockery, shells, paper, pins, ivory, teeth of combs, stones, and seeds.

☞ The Columbus, Miss., Sentinel details a visit of the editor to a cotton plantation, the work on which was entirely performed by white laborers. The number of acres cleared was about 900, of which 600 were planted with cotton. There were twenty-one men and seven or eight youngsters who worked on an average about twenty acres each. It was one of the best arranged and managed plantations in the cotton region. The crop promise was excellent, and estimated at 1,200 pounds to the acre.

☞ Official returns of the registration in Virginia show a white majority of over 18,000.

☞ According to official data, about 8,000 pardons have been granted by the President since April 15, 1865.

☞ A machine, propelled by horse power like a reaper, has been invented in Iowa to gather and crush the potato bugs.

☞ The Chicago cattle yards have 150 acres floored with plank. There are pens for 75,000 cattle, 20,000 sheep, and 20,000 hogs.

☞ The editor of the Amherst, N. H., Farmers' Cabinet has an apple tree upon which are now growing several bushels of Porter apples, several winter squashes, and a printer's dish of butter beans!

☞ Louisa Muhlbach is a widow and has a large family.

☞ The Montana Post, of August 24, says that Dr. James Danlevy, while exploring the head waters of the Yellowstone, discovered a salt water lake, covering about forty acres. The water is always at the boiling temperature; meat thrown in was boiled in less than forty minutes. The water contains a large per centage of the crude material from which borax is manufactured.

Tasting a Jewel.

The most precious stones have a property that rarely deceives, that of coldness. An experiment can easily be made by tasting first a piece of straw and then a diamond. A Parisian correspondent tells the following story of testing by tasting:

A few years since a young Parisian jeweler was sojourning in Wallachia. He had in his possession several expensive gems, and, among others, an emerald of unusual size. The Jewish merchants, who, on the banks of the Danube, as well as throughout Europe, deal in precious stones, waited upon him to examine his wares. The emerald was greatly admired; but one of the jewelers, a cunning old tradesman, (who, aware of what he himself was capable of, had very little confidence in others,) while handling it, expressed the belief that it might be the work of the hands of man. Wishing to test the genuineness of the article he placed it in his mouth, when the young jeweler seized him by the throat and threatened to throttle him if he attempted to swallow it. The Jews of Wallachia wear no cravats, and the Frenchman was holding the unfortunate *connoisseur* with an iron grip. The incredulous purchaser soon restored the emerald to its owner, and then explained to him the process to which he wished to submit it. The explanation quieted the Parisian lapidary at once, and thenceforward he determined to taste all precious stones the appearance of which was doubtful.

A Healthy Prayer.

Commend us to the Mayor of Galesburg, Illinois, for hitting the bull's eye in the way of a proclamation for fasting and prayer. Mayor West goes straight at it, when, after designating the day, he says:—"I do therefore recommend to the good people of Galesburg that on that day they lay aside all secular employment, and assemble in their respective places of public worship, and there devoutly pray God to pardon our past sins, and keep us in future from sinning against Him, and from violating the laws, either physical, moral, or municipal. And while we pray that He will protect us from the ravages of disease, pray also that He will influence us to abate every nuisance, cleanse every yard, remove every species of filth, and every cause that is likely to produce sickness, believing that God is willing to help those who manifest a disposition to help themselves."

A healthy prayer that, with a solid chunk of wisdom at the end!

A MATRIMONIAL INCIDENT.—At the South Pewabic mines, Lake Superior, a man and his wife had a severe quarrel, resulting in his packing his bundle and starting off for Ontonagon, declaring that he would live with her no longer. She followed him along the road, begging him to return; but he was inexorable, and trudged on. Finally she became so exasperated that she vowed that if he did not turn about she would strip herself stark naked, and in that condition follow him to his journey's end. As he did not stop, she was as good as her word, and leaving her clothing by the roadside, she followed him in that cool, fascinating costume of nature. This only made him laugh. When they came to the intersection of the road they met a party of young men who had been out fishing, and then the husband began to think that the wife's costume was not exactly the kind prescribed by etiquette, and taking a stout switch, he started the new Godiva back on a keen run, not allowing her to stop and gather up her clothes. She made splendid time in going from the clearing to the house. Since then both parties have indefinitely postponed their trip to Ontonagon.

DOUBTFUL.—Tennyson says he has been more annoyed by Americans intruding upon his privacy than by any other people. His own countrymen, he says, have some little bashfulness and delicacy, and call upon him at an hour when it might be convenient to him; "but your American may pounce upon you at any moment, without any 'introduction,' and when you are the least prepared to receive his—'Why, Mr. Tennyson, how do you do?'" This is not the only unkind cut Americans have received lately from writers on the other side; but we are not obliged to believe all that is said about us. Mr. Dickens, it will be remembered, only just now made a statement about "the labor of his life for the past thirty years," which is received with a little doubt in some quarters.

☞ It is stated, as a matter of undoubted history, that President Washington pardoned the Pennsylvania whiskey rebels by a general amnesty, without any Congressional authorization, and previous to any trial or sentence.

☞ An exchange says a farm devoted to grass and apples will bring the most money. Rightly managed, these crops are like grace and faith, growing better through the whole of one's life.

☞ WORSE FOR CORRECTION.—An editor, in a complimentary notice of a valiant general, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a "battle scared" veteran. The poor man hastened to make amends in his next issue by saying he meant "battle scarred," but the compositor put it "bottle scarred."

☞ It is said that any politician from the Eastern states who makes a trip to the Pacific and praises the country on his return, is immediately nominated for the Presidency by the newspapers of that section.

☞ Germany has given birth to a new religious sect, the members of which worship in silence and in darkened rooms.

☞ EPITAPH.—In the Gothic church at Dobberman (a village of Mecklenburg, Germany) is to be seen the following epitaph (translated):—

Here lies Ahleke Pott!
Have pity on me, O, Lord God!
As I would have pity on Thee,
Were Thou Ahleke Pott,
And I Lord God ——.

☞ Some one has been describing the latest novelty in ladies' costume, and assures us that it is the introduction of silk and stuff which show great affection to the wearers—that is, cling to them. In the time of the French Revolution, however, the ladies much more practically solved this difficulty—namely, by damping the material in paris where they wished it to cling and show a beautiful Phidian-like outline.

☞ Great desire has been shown lately in France to read the Bible, which, it is alleged, is due in a large measure to the feeling produced by the works of Renan. Many have been induced, after a reading of these works, to purchase the New Testament, in order to ascertain for themselves whether the account given by him of the life of Christ is true. The number of copies sold in France during the year was 60,676.

OUR DOG.

BY PRENTICE.

It is necessary to own a dog. Why, it is difficult to tell, but everybody, at some time in his life, has taken unto himself a dog.

Our dog Nip made himself at home immediately after his arrival at the house. There were no intermediate stages of backwardness with him in his intercourse with the family, or in his assuming the direction of a large portion of affairs relating to the household. He is a small dog, but very lively. His natural condition seems that of motion. He concentrates within himself the activity of three or four ordinary dogs.

His first act, soon after coming to live with us, was to take charge of the back-door mat. He seemed to regard it as his own exclusive possession. He had his ideas with regard to its place and use. We preferred that it should remain where the cleanliness of the household might be best promoted. He preferred it in the back-yard. It stayed in the back-yard. The whole household toiled in vain to keep it where it was supposed to belong, dragging it time after time up the back-stairs, all to no purpose. When such a dog as Nip chooses to devote his whole life to keeping a door-mat in the back-yard, it is difficult to contend successfully with him. When he thought we had become resigned to his disposition of the mat, he became dissatisfied and tore it in pieces. He was dissatisfied because we were resigned. He wished to do something provoking. He loves actions of this kind. There was an inoffensive old broom which, having been discarded from the house, was used to sweep the back-stairs. This he set upon and tore also to pieces. The broom never did him any harm. It would not harm anybody. But its total innocence and inoffensiveness provoked him. Good-nature is often provoking.

He has access to the cellar. He rules there. It was a very quiet and orderly cellar previous to his coming. If it be so now, it is according to canine, not human, views of order and neatness. He was furnished with a heap of old clothes for a bed. These have been torn up and dragged in every direction. He has no use for a bed. His time is too precious to be devoted to sleep. There are holes to be dug in the bare cellar floor, and anything accidentally hung up within his reach must be torn down. The kindling-wood must be scattered about. Old newspapers falling in his reach must be torn to shreds. In his eyes the general appearance of the premises is much improved by these bits of torn newspaper. He monopolizes the morning paper left at the door, and it is often found lying ignobly in one corner of the yard covered with dirt, "gone to the dogs." He shows a great contempt for newspapers.

Nip is a great pet. That is what he was given us for; something on which we might expend our spare care and sympathy. Nip more than "fills the bill." He is always performing some aggravating and mischievous action, so that we never forget him—never.

He mines. The back-yard is fitted with numerous excavations and heaps of dirt. He buries bones in one place, and then digs large holes elsewhere, pretending to be looking for them. This is the only shadow of excuse made for any mischief committed. As for eating, he bolts a meal in ten seconds. Yet it is a satisfaction to see that this aggravating little brute cannot thus outrage nature with impunity, as evinced by his occasional bodily contortions consequent upon an overloaded canine stomach.

We have a rooster. Before Nip's arrival he was a haughty and consequential rooster in his own estimation, and that of his several wives. He issued his pronunciamentos daily, claiming the allegiance of his hens, and boasted in long speeches concerning the completeness of his authority over the yard and henroop. But Nip has taken all the conceit out of him. Daily he chases him in abject fear before his subjects. He has chased him from the high pedestal of his former dignity. Adding injury to insult, he has torn out the most glorious of his tail-feathers. It is pitiful to see a rooster so completely demolished both in appearance and dignity. He runs after the hens also. Not from motives of gallantry does he this, but to humiliate more thoroughly the dejected, tail-ridden rooster. Our persecuted fowls have scarcely a place in which they may lay their heads—or their eggs, in peace.

He has contests with an old tin pan, carried on with great noise and fury. He idealizes so successfully that the combat is more real than imaginary. The contest goes on over the whole yard, the combatants swaying backward and forward, but Nip always comes off victorious. We could dispense with his dragging this utensil up the steps and letting it roll down again. In his estimation the dramatic effect may be very powerful, but the peace of the family is not at all increased by the clangor. It must be very gratifying to fight an opponent so terrible, to be at times almost overcome, and yet to be ever certain of victory.

The most provoking characteristic of this animal is, that punishment, when inflicted, has no effect on him. He is often turned out of doors in disgrace, but he ignores this as punishment entirely. He refuses to be regarded with disapprobation. His manner speaks thus to us as he noisily scratches at the door for re-admittance, or looks impudently in, his paws resting on the sill of a low window:—"Oh, you needn't look so cross. You like all these pranks of mine after all. You couldn't get along without me. I am the Punch of the household. Didn't I make a nice mess of the contents of your work-basket? I can do so again if you will only let me in."

He has occasionally been whipped, but seems to feel no shame on account of the castigation, and, the operation over, always resumes his usual frisky manner. He has an admirable command of temper and bears no malice. This disposition heaps coals of fire upon the heads of those whom he causes to lose their tempers. To one's conscience it says—"There, you've lost your temper, haven't you? and you a human being but little lower than the angels, and I nothing but a dog, and a little dog at that. Feel any better for that kick you gave me? It shall not make any difference in our relations. I am still your affectionate Nip, as full of mischief as ever. Loss of temper causes remorse, both for our weakness in losing it, and for mean acts committed while laboring under such loss."

Were Nip but possessed of a nature full of stupid, ugly antagonism, causing him to seek revenge in snarling, biting, or a fit of sulks more or less prolonged, there might be some degree of compensation in our anger. But his persistent good-humor and inevitable forgiveness is very aggravating. He comes off victorious in these soul conflicts, and covers us with shame to be beaten by a dog.

Nip, after all, is a positive benefit. Although he at times annoys, yet he amuses and instructs. Dog nature is worth studying, as well as human nature. And in the comparison between the two, the latter has sometimes cause to blush.

☞ A brigand leader in Italy has threatened a town, that unless the cholera is immediately stopped, he will come and stop it himself by burning and destroying everything. This might be fairly called "heroic treatment." The more ignorant classes in Italy have the most absurd ideas relative to the cholera—it being the consequence of poison, &c.

☞ The *mot* to-day comes to me from a baby's mouth, and is at least worthy of Punch. Baby is lost; the whole family is in despair. At last he is found at the end of the garden, standing by a tall sunflower, grave, motionless, patient. His feet are buried in the sand, and his eyes are turned towards the sunflower. "Why, what are you doing, baby?" "I have planted myself to grow."

☞ The Paris correspondent of the London Times says:—"A young man has just committed suicide at a hotel near the Rue St. Martin, by sticking about fifty pins in his breast. When found he was bleeding to death, and expired shortly after. He left a letter saying that his life had been one series of disappointments and sufferings, and that as fatality was killing him *a coups d'epingle*, he had chosen that way of putting an end to his existence, which manner, he believed, he had been the first to imagine."

☞ It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.

☞ In large assemblies of men there is more feeling and less thought than in small ones.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. Sales 8000 bbls at from $7 to 8,25 for superfine; $8 @9,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra; $10@12,75 for old stock and fresh ground Penna and Ohio family; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $8,25@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. About 14,000 bus fair to good new red sold at $2,20@2 30; 10,000 bus prime do at $2,35@2 40; some lots of choice amber at $2,45@2,50; 5000 bus white at from $2,80 @2,75 ₩ bus. according to quality, and 3000 bus California at $2,75. Rye; 10,000 bus sold at from $1,50@1,55 ₩ bus. Corn; 20,000 bus Western mixed sold at from $1,26@1,33 and 20,000 bus prime yellow at from $1,28@1,35 ₩ bus. Oats; 20,000 bus fair to good sold at from 55@55c, and 25,000 bus choice bright at 57@70c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Pork commands $26@26,50 for mess; $23@24 for prime do, and $20 for prime. Mess Beef—City packed sells at $27,50@28. Bacon—Sales of hams at 19@ 22c; sides are taken in lots at 16½@18½c, and shoulders at 14@14½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 17@18c, and shoulders, in salt, at 12½@13c. Lard—Sales of tcs and bbls at 14@14½c, and kegs at 15@15½c. Butter—Sales of old at 8@14c, and new at 14@22c. Cheese—Sales at 12@14c. Eggs sell at 24@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 700 bales of middlings sold at 26@26½c for Uplands, and 27@27½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $48 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 41@42c ₩ ℔.

COAL—The market continues very dull. The nominal cargo rates are $4@4,25 ₩ ton for white ash; $4,50@4,75 for red ash; $4,10@4,15 for Locust Mountain, and $3,95 for Lehigh broken and prepared.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 70@85c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 6@7c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 9@9½c, and halves at 10@10½c ₩ ℔, and Dried Blackberries at 8@8½c ₩ ℔.

HOPS—Small sales at from 60@70c.

PLASTER—The last sale of soft was at $3,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Small sales of Cloverseed are reported at $8,50@9 ₩ bus. Timothy—600 bus sold at $2,75@3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,75 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are reported at 11½@ 11c, for city rendered, and 11½@11½c ₩ ℔ for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at 55@57c for double extra; 52@53c for extra; 50@51c for fine; 43@47c for medium; 38@42c for coarse; 43@50c for lub washed; 40@45c for extra Western pulled, and 32@37c ₩ ℔ for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 9000 head. The prices realized from 15@16 cts ₩ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—8000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 @10,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

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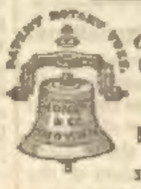

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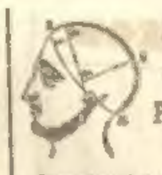

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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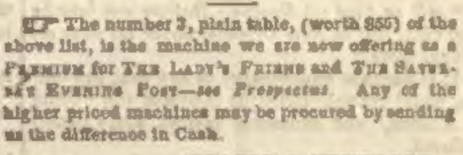

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

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PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 35	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 30	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
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THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 337 Dock Street.

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CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	9.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.30	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.30	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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INVALID YOUNG MEN, suffering from debility, after having swung round the entire circle of quackery, send your address to a convalescent, THE SON OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN, and TRY THE PRACTICE OF A PRACTICAL MAN.

Address, with stamp, P. O. Box 2618, St. Louis, Missouri. aug25-7t

WIT AND HUMOR.

RITTER HUGO.

Der noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer ma'd,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vere you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
"I tont dink mooch of beoples
Dat goes mit demself alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere deres heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid dinner
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmen,
Und you catches dem *efery* one:"—
So sang dis wasser maidn
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere is drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons and watches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down and full your bockets,
Und I'll gies you like avery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps and lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der leh pottles der Kaiser Charlemagno
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he stood all shpell-bound;
She pooled his coat tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maidens mit nodings on.

Fighting Men.

One of the generals of the "Lost Cause" relates the following in the Commercial Bulletin:

There was a little Frenchman in New Orleans who applied to a Southern official for a berth for his son, a short time ago. Thinking to curry favor with this party, who was "native and to the manor born," he said—

'My leetle boy (aged 33) is vere smart man, vere good man, good Southsarn man, and brave plus brave; yes, sare, he has grande courage."

"Indeed," said the official, "I do not seem to recall your name in the army list. What actions was your son engaged in? Where did he display such undaunted courage?"

"*All ze time zat Generale Butlare was here he stay right still in New Orleans, under his nose, an nevare move.*"

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the official could not appreciate the merits of the "Child of France," and monsieur retired, sadly disappointed.

Another illustration of this kind occurred in the person of the mate of a Mississippi boat, that we had converted into a cotton-clad for the attack on Fort Pillow. This fellow was a big, burly, double-fisted sample of a river bully, "full of strange oaths," and always enforcing his orders by knocking men about the head. Just before we went into the fight he came swaggering up to me and said—

"Waal, general, I suppose when one side or t'other's licked, you big men'll quit an' shake hands?"

"Yes, Jim," said I; "when the fighting is over I expect every man to go home and attend to his business."

"That ain't me," said Jim, smiting his left palm with a fist like a sledge hammer, "fur ef ever I ketch a Yank agin south of Cairo, I'm agoin to mash him."

A ten-inch shell that came whistling over the boat interrupted any further remark just then, and shortly after we were butting away at the Federal boats, and in about as hot a fire as I ever want to see. I should think there was a hundred guns opened on us, and we got one broadside so near that the flash of their guns set our cotton bales on fire. Our people fought well, but the other side were too strong for us, and we had to drop down the river. During the action, while cannon were roaring, boats sinking, shells shrieking and bursting all around, and the air filled with flame and smoke, I quite lost sight of Jim, but after we had dropped down the river, out of fire, and all hands were busy repairing damages, that valiant hero crept out from behind a cotton bale, and sneaking past me with a face like a flag of truce, said—

"Gineral, I ain't so mad as I was. This ain't the kind of fightin' I'm used to, an' when them fellers get ready to stop throwin' them iron pots round, *I'll quit if they will.*" And sure enough, in two weeks, he went into the Federal lines and took the oath.

CORRECT.—A good story is told of Professor Adams of Amherst. He was very dry and witty, it is said, and the following is too good to pass by: A student was called upon to describe the peculiar characteristics of the shark. He was a fluent speaker, and answered at some length.

"Incorrect," said the professor.

Unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, the student tried again.

"Incorrect."

"Well, to tell the truth, professor, I—I don't know anything about it."

"Correct."

WARNING TO BOYS.—A Sabbath-school teacher writes: "Boys, you ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a little boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't slowly fade away and die in the early summer-time, when the June-roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put on his best hat!"

☞ When Lord Sidmouth one day said, "My brains are gone to the dogs this morning," his friend at once ejaculated, "Poor dogs!"

☞ It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that it is one of his *fast* days.

MERMAIDS' TOILETS IN '67.

BLANCHE.—"I say, some of you, call after aunty! She has taken my *chignon*, and left me her horrid black one!"

Valuable Land.

A recent paragraph touching paper cities, reminds a Watertown correspondent of the mania for speculation that raged throughout the country in 1836, and ran particularly high in Oswego. Mr. De Z. resided there and owned considerable real estate, which he caused to be surveyed into city lots and mapped. A superb lithograph was got up, showing a great number of streets, avenues, etc. This he took into Wall street for exhibition and to make sale of his lots. Several gentlemen were examining it one day, when one of them inquired—

"Mr. De Z., what kind of buildings are on this property?"

"Buildings!" rejoined the exhibitor. "Buildings! why, gentlemen, *the land covered by this map is altogether too valuable to be built on!*"

A FAIR BARGAIN.—A western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him that he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the old farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why, you can work for me and get them back."

☞ People who have been laying up money for a rainy day ought this season to be found among the most liberal of customers.

☞ The young lady who gave herself away loses her self-possession.

☞ If a man's wife is well bred, he never wants any but her.

AGRICULTURAL.

American Grain at the Paris Exposition.

After the gratifying accounts of honor which American mowers and harvesters reaped at the great World's Fair at Paris, we are somewhat taken down by the result of our show of cereals. We are in the habit of thinking of the western part of the United States as the granary of the world, and of young Chicago, as standing high among the grain marts of the world. We also understood from our Western papers that measures had been taken for a creditable display of the productions of the fertile soil in our grain growing states of the Mississippi valley. We are, therefore, a little disappointed by the award of premiums in the grain department of the Paris Exposition, and by the following remarks of the intelligent correspondent of the Prairie Farmer upon this part of the exhibition.

In the amount of specimens in this department, which embraces "cereals and other eatables, farinaceous products, with their derivatives," we were as well represented as other nations, though our arrangement for showing them was inferior. Yet this writer says, "were Indian corn and a few samples of wheat out of a great number, especially those from California, excluded, we should have but little left to show the fertility of our soil, or the adaptability of our climate to the production of animal food, or the skill of our farmers as evinced in the tilling of the soil.

"Lest some may consider me as doing injustice to our country," continues this writer, "let them look at the award of premiums upon collections of cereals, just made. They will find the gold medals distributed as follows: Russia, three; Prussia, five; France, four; Portugal, two; Spain, one; English Colonies, (Australia) one; Duchy of Mecklenburg, one;—none going to the United States. Of the silver medals, one goes to the United States (California) the rest as follows: Great Britain, one; France, one; Belgium, three; Austria, seven; Spain, three; Italy, four; Chili, one; Egypt, one; English Colonies, (Canada) two. Among the bronze medals we figure to the extent of six, while France carries off seventeen; Greece, one; Sweden, two; Italy, seven; English colonies, twenty-four; Belgium, five; Prussia, ten; Turkey, two; Portugal, six; Russia, nine; Sweden, one; Morocco, one; Brazil, one.

"Among the Honorable Mentions we find two awarded to the states, while the remainder are distributed in about the same proportion as the silver medals, among other countries.

"With the exception of Duryea's preparation of corn, called Maizena, and well known in the states as an article for puddings, &c.,—very nearly the same thing as corn starch, but superior—I think all the higher awards for the preparation of farinaceous matters go to other countries.

"Indian corn is, I find, grown more or less in almost all parts of the world. In few places, however, do the larger varieties approach the products of the Western states. In Australia we have the most successful competitor. Indeed all her cereals are of very fine quality. The valley of the Rhine also contributes quite creditable displays. But for the entire continent, where it grows at all, they must depend upon the smaller varieties of flint corn.

"The people here are gradually being educated up to acknowledge the fact that maize may be really a palatable and healthful article for diet. Each year will witness an increase in the demand of our corn for human food, as well as food for beasts. Where grown, it now forms a large share of the food of the peasantry.

"In regard to other cereals it is difficult to state from whence come the best specimens. The case of English Pedigree wheat is very fine, the heads being of gigantic size, but it hardly excels, in many respects, that from California, while it must be admitted that Southern Illinois and Michigan send most excellent samples. The Surprise Oats of Illinois find competition, successful perhaps, in the New Market Oats, weighing fifty pounds to the bushel, and in the samples from Sweden. The most uniform grain on exhibition is barley. Almost every country presents it, and it is uniformly good. In the French and German departments we find most beautiful samples of beans, in great variety. Much more attention is paid to the cultivation of this crop here than in the states. Of course beans form an important article of diet all over Europe, but one nowhere meets with the "baked beans" of New England. A large, white, kidney bean, called *Haricot*, is to be had at all times at French restaurants, especially in those of second rate character.

"From all I can learn, I should judge that rye is every year becoming a less important crop, both in Great Britain and on the continent. The samples I have noticed are in no wise remarkable, either at the exhibition or growing in the fields. It is very certain that the specimens from our own country are not of unexceptionable character. Much of it is but very indifferently cleaned."

Horses.

We take the following sensible article from the Lower Canada Agriculturist:—

The recent improvements in American architecture have not reached the stables to the extent that could be desired. Brown stone fronts, high ceilings, marble mantelpieces, costly furnaces for warming and ventilating the dwellings, may please the eye, and promote the health and comfort of the occupants, while the valuable horses of the proprietor are suffering from the poorly constructed and poorly ventilated stable.

The fault often lies in two directions. The stable may be too tight, or too open. A horse needs light as well as air, and suitable warmth and food—the vegetable structor hardly needs light more than he does. Pure air is essential. His blood cannot become purified while the air which inflates his lungs is full of foul gases from fermenting manures.

Nor is it enough to keep the stalls clean, if they are so tight that the horse is obliged to breathe his own breath over and over. Digestion is interfered with, and all the functions in life are impeded. Lazy grooms declare that a close, warm stable, helps to make a horse's coat fine and glossy in winter as well as in summer. But in winter such a coat is not to be desired. Nature provides the animal with longer hair and more of it to defend him from the cold. If the horse is well groomed and blanketed, his hair will be smooth and glossy enough all the year round. The indolent groom ought himself to be shut up for twenty-four hours in the hot steaming air in which he would confine his master's horse, and see how he would like it. Open the doors of such a stable in the morning, where several horses are kept, and the hot air and the hartshorn are almost sufficient to knock a man down. What wonder then that horses so used should suffer from inflamed eyes, coughs, glanders, and other ailments! The wonder is, that they bear the abuse so long and so well.

Now, the "improvement" to our sermon is simply this: Ventilate the stables. Ventilate both in winter and summer. The outer air should be brought in at certain places near the floor, but not in the immediate neighborhood of the horse, so as to cause hurtful drafts of wind directly upon him. Impure air must be ejected, as well as pure air brought in. This can be done in summer very well by leaving several windows open in different parts of the barn. But a better way is to insert ventilators in the highest part of the building, into which ventilators (square wooden tubes) shall lead from the stalls, and which can be opened or closed at pleasure. These ventilators should be covered with a cap, to prevent downward currents and the beating in of rain. By this plan the downward rain is carried off directly from the stall without mixing with the hay in the loft.

A Profitable Wife.

I have been married twenty-two years. The first four years before I was married, I began farming with 250 acres, in the Blue Grass region, Ky. I handled cattle, hogs, sheep and horses—principally the two first named—and lived, I thought, tolerably economically; spent none of my money for tobacco in any way; never betting a cent or dissipating in any way, and yet at the end of the four years I had made little or no clear money. I then married a young lady eighteen years of age—who had never done any housework or work of any kind, except make a portion of her own clothes. She had never made a shirt, drawers, pants, or waistcoat, or even sewed a stitch on a coat, and yet before we had been married a year she had made for me every one of the articles of clothing named, and knit numbers of pairs of socks for me—yes, and mended divers articles for me, not excepting an old hat or two. She had also made butter, sold eggs, chickens, and other fowls, and vegetables to the amount of near $600 in cash, at the end of the year, whereas, during the four years that I was single, I had never sold five cents' worth—besides making me purely happy and contented with and at my home. And so far as to making of money, we have made money clear of expenses every year since we have been married, in everything that we have undertaken on the farm, and she has made from $550 to $600 every year, except one, during the time, selling butter, eggs, and marketing of different kinds. My yearly expenses for fine clothing, etc., before I was married were more than my yearly expenses were after I was married, combined with the expenses of my wife and children, and our farm has increased from 250 to 650 acres; and I believe that if I had not married, it would never have increased but little, if any, and I have never been absent from home six nights, when my wife was at our home, since we were married, and her cheeks kiss as sweetly to me as they did the morning after I was married.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

RECEIPTS.

VERY FINE YEAST.—Boil five or six pared potatoes; when soft, mash them in the boiling water over the fire, put in a half a teacupful of dried hops, and let them boil ten minutes (not longer) and then strain through a colander. Put in a little salt and stir it well; thin it with milk-warm water until of the consistency of thin waffle batter. When lukewarm, stir in a teacupful of liquid yeast. Set it near the back part of the stove, or in a tolerably warm place, to rise, and in twelve or fourteen hours it will be light. If not, put in a little more yeast. If the weather is warm, it will not require to be placed near the stove. If you wish dry yeast, rub it in sifted corn meal until it is a dry dough, and spread thin on dishes or waiters, to dry in the air, but not in the sun. In winter it can be set near the back part of the stove, but not in too warm a place, or it will not rise. If you wish liquid yeast, pour it into a stone jug, and cork tightly. When you strain the hop-water over the flour, set your bucket containing the flour beside the stove or fire, with the colander over it, and let the pot containing the hop-water and potatoes remain over the fire, whilst you are dipping out the water and hops and potatoes, so that the flour will be well scalded. A small quantity of hops is used, because more would darken the yeast and bread, as well as spoil the sweetness of the bread. If your yeast should get a little sour, add a very little soda to it before putting it into the bread.

TO PRESERVE GREEN-GAGE PLUMS.—Weigh the fruit and put into the kettle with alternate layers of vine-leaves. Fill the kettle with cold water, and let them simmer until the skin begins to crack open. Then remove from the fire and pare them with a knife, leaving the stems on. Measure the parings, and for every pint deduct a pound from the weight of the fruit. Scald the fruit again after it has been pared. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit with a very little water, and when clarified, drop in the fruit and cook slowly until clear. Then remove from the syrup, and add another pound of sugar to the syrup, and boil for half an hour.

If you do not wish to take off the skins, prick them with a pin.

APRICOTS.—Pour boiling water on the fruit, and wipe them dry. Then cut them in halves and stone them. Take equal parts of fruit and sugar, and, when the syrup has been boiled, put in the fruit and cook it slowly until it is clear and the syrup is rich.

GREEN LEMONS.—Cut them in halves, take out the pulp, and cut in fancy shapes. Put into your preserving-kettle and cover with water, adding a little alum to green them. Boil until clear, and then take them out and drain them on a cloth. Clean the kettle, and put them in with their weight in sugar, and stew them slowly until the syrup is rich.

QUINCES.—When the fruit is pared and cored, put them into a kettle with water enough to cover them, and boil until quite tender but not soft. Cut them in rings, and put on them their weight in sugar, and let them stand while the cores and parings are boiled, in the same water from which they were taken, in order to make the syrup richer. Boil them soft and strain the water. Have the kettle cleaned; put in the quinces and let them simmer with the sugar and water the parings were boiled in. Skim well, and when clear take up the quinces and boil the syrup longer.

GREEN PEPPERS.—Leave the stems on them; remove the seeds, and put them in salt and water for three days, changing the water every day. Then green them in a kettle with cold water, vine-leaves and a little alum; simmer thus for two hours. Then put them into fresh water for three days, changing the water every day. Then boil in a syrup of a pound of sugar to the same weight of pepper and a little water, for half an hour. Fill the inside with candied sugar.

PEARS.—Pare the fruit, leaving the stems on, and put into cold water. You may remove the core, or not, as you please. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water to every pound of pears, and boil with some lemon-peel or green ginger. Put in the fruit and cook until clear, and let the syrup remain over the fire until thick.—*Dixie Cookery.*

THE FIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 6, 3, is found in cold countries.
My 1, 10, 13, 7, is used by soldiers.
My 10, 9, 5, 3, is a town in New York.
My 15, 16, 18, 10, 13, is a common name.
My 8, 8, 9, 11, 4, 10, is the fashion to go to at the present time.
My 14, 17, 9, 13, 2, is a bird whose notes are considered very sweet.
My 16, 12, is a preposition.
My whole is the name of a book.

LESABEL.

Classical Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An emperor of Rome.
The son of Telemon.
A king of Egypt.
A famous city of Phenicia.
A king of Macedonia.
A beautiful youth, changed by the gods into the flower which bears his name.
A distinguished Greek rhetorician. In tradition, the founder of Rome. The first Roman emperor.
My initials form the name of an ancient prophetess.

AZARIAN.

Single Acrostic.

The initials of the words denoted by the following extracts make up the name of an esteemed poet, from whom all the passages are taken:

1. "Tread lightly here; for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid."

2. "Went in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian shell,
Sang forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice."

3. "Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
Thy dragon scales still wet with human gore.
Hark! thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings;
I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more."

4. "Where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more.
'Twas but a step, the gulf he passed;
But that step—it was his last."

5. "In his despair, as though the die were cast,
He flung him down to weep, and wept till dawn;
Then rose to go a wanderer through the world."

6. "But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale?
In each he hears the welcome of a friend."

B. H. C.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man purchased three pieces of cloth for $20; for the first he paid as many dollars per yard as there were yards in it, and for the second and third each as many dollars per yard as there were yards in the other; he sold the second for as many dollars per yard as there were yards in it, and the first and third each for as many dollars per yard as there were yards in the other, by which he gained 10 per cent.; but had he sold the third for as many dollars per yard as there were yards in it, and the first and second each for as many dollars per yard as there were yards in the other, he would have lost 10 per cent. Required, the number of yards in each piece.

MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four points are placed at random on a plane. Required, the probability that one of them will fall within the greatest circle that can be inscribed in the triangle formed by the other three.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I purchased for a cloak 5¼ yards of cloth that was 1¼ yards wide; to line this I purchased flannel that was ¾ yard wide, but on being wet it shrunk 1 nail in width and 1 yard in every 20 yards in length. How many yards of flannel did it take to line the cloak?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why was Desdemona the most discontented of all women? Ans.—Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

☞ Why is the man that blows the bag's like a schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he's a "tutor."

☞ When a joker dies what kind of a vehicle does he make? Ans.—A wag gone.

☞ When did man give the snake a nationality? Ans.—When he first "Scotch-ed it." This is very bad.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Seat. ALTERNATE DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Baby Teck.
B-onne-T.
E-v-A.
B-ivoua-C.
K-illarne-Y.

☞ A German writer complains of the difficulties of the English language, and cites the word Box, which he says is pronounced Dickens.

☞ Probably the reason why the way of the transgressor is hard is, that it is so much travelled.